



ITWARRIOR CATS A Troubled Land by Crimson.Raspberry

Category: IT, Warriors

Genre: Adventure, Horror

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-01-09 14:58:45

Updated: 2019-02-24 21:25:39

Packaged: 2019-12-12 02:47:02

Rating: T

Chapters: 45

Words: 40,033

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sooo, I put to things i love together, the books of Warrior Cats..and the movie IT! Haha..so, the Clans have a monster (IT) lurking in the shadows, only the six told in a prophecy can save them, for will the other three Clans be claimed into destruction like the fourth Clan had been by this unseen monster?

1. The Clans!

Cross-over of IT and Warriors! Why? Because combining my two favior things will become a pride and joy of mine! I have made the Leaders/deputys/medicine cats already. The six (yes six) main characters can be submitted in! Also, i already made a main character of the eight, so really seven can be submitted, HAVE TO BE APPRENTICES OR KITS why? Because that is the age of teens/kids that IT eats! Also, warriors and medicine cat apprentices can be submitted in too!

BoneClan

Leader *Hickorystar*- beautiful black sleek she-cat, berry colored blue eyes

Deputy *Mangledfoot*- brown tabby tom, mangled back hind foot from a ThunderPath injury

Medicine Cat *Blackrose*- black tabby, sister of the leader, bright green eyes and white paws

Medicine Cat *AssisentWarriorsFawnleg*- fawn colored tabby, blue eyes

App- Gilledpaw

Nettlepatch- pale dusty brown tom, blue eyes

Addertooth- rusty colored tom, with bright amber eyes

App- Lakepaw

Molepelt- brown tabby

Vinehair- white she-cat, faint amberish eyes

App- Raspberrypaw

Queens *Whitewinter*- white, long haired once-kittypet she-cat

(Nursing Molepelt's kits)

Elders*Shycloud*- short furred, tawny colored she-cat

Softcloud- short furred, tanish/black tabby

Sharptail- black flint colored tom, green eyes

Apprentices*Raspberrypaw*- red colored tabby, black tipped fur on hind legs/face and ringed black paws dark amber eyes

Lakepaw- pale misty gray she-cat, blue eyes

Gilledpaw- darker white tom, dark blue eyes

MeadowClan

Leader *Flowerstar*- white she-cat, patched in black spots; yellow eyes

Deputy *Webbedrat*- webbed-footed gray tom with a rat-like tail

Medicine Cat *Jupiterspring*- older, once beautiful dark coal-gray she-cat

Medicine Cat Assisent *Roseypaw*

Warriors

Ruffledear- pale red tabby, flattened ears

App-Flintpaw

Hoptwist- gray tabby she-cat, twisted muzzle and nicked ears

Owlwhisper- dark rusty/brown tabby

Yewsnow- pale white/golden she-cat, yellow eyes

App- Treepaw

Hazelowl- gray/hazled colored she-cat patched in white

Queens

Rivernose- long furred, silver tabby

(Expecting)

Dovesong- dark stormt gray she-cat, green eyes

Elders

Kelpfoot- brown tabby tom

Apprentices

Roseypaw- red cherry-colored tabby, blue eyes (Medicine Cat Assisent)

Flintpaw- flint-colored tom

Treepaw- brown she-cat tabby, with green eyes and a fluffy tail

MarbleClan

Leader *Tigerstar*- brown/gray she-cat with darker stripes covering her pelt, dark green eyes and a purr-like voice

(Kits; Midnightrunner, Crispwing)

Deputy *Midnightrunner*- black she-cat, with longer back legs, white toes/paws and muzzle along with a white patch on her chest, green eyes

Medicine Cat *Heatheerock*- pale tan tabby, blue eyes

Medicine Cat Assisent

Warriors

Crispwing- gray she-cat, tiger like-stripes and white paws

App- *Yellowpaw*

Graysong- gray she-cat with a bushy tail and white paws, yellow eyes

Darkclaw- black tabby tom, yellow eyes

Snakeeye- dark ginger tom, narrowed yellow eyes

App- *Flypaw*

Queens

Ivyhope- ginger she-cat, pale green eyes and a white tail

Apprentices

Yellowpaw- gray she-cat, yellow eyes

Flypaw- white tom, bushy tail and paler yellow eyes

2. Chap 1

This is like a flash back, just something to write on!

Raspberrykit stumbled out the nursery. The light fluttered along the ground, as she stared acrossed the camp.

"Hey! Finally gotten up?" Gilledpaw meowed. His sleek pelt was groomed, and no leaf or twig seemed to mess up the apprentices sleek fur. "What? Do i have a gnot in my fur?" He twisted stuiding his pelt, flicking his tail to see nothing.

Purring in amusment. She shook her head. "Just surprised, never seen a cat-or for say a *tom*-go crazy on keeping his fur clean. One say you wanted to look like a groomed kittypet." The she-kit retored. Thow, she did hear her own mother say this a few days ago.

Gilledpaw smiled good-naturely. "Of corse i do! I can't let Lakepaw go on having better fur then me." He purred jokingly. His eyes lit with amusment. "Hey, i think i heard Softcloud had a story for you. Hurry, before she falls asleep."

Raspberrykit stumbled away. Her fluffy tail wavering behind her as she climbed into the elders den. "Softcloud? Shycloud?" She squeeked. Her ears prickling to hear the elders in the den's darkness.

A cat shifted in the shadows. Then came a gruff growl. "Go away, i'm sleeping." Sharptail's raspy voice hissed.

There was a movement, then Shycloud's fluffy white fur showed. "Hello, little Raspberrykit." The old queen purred. "Nice to see you, hey! Softcloud we got a vistor!"

Another fluffy white she-cat sat before the little kit. But, with bright berry blue eyes Softcloud had much more color to them, then her half-blind leafy eyes that her sister had. "Oh, my little great neice!"

"Gilledpaw said you had a story?" She mewled, climbing into the nest the two sisters shared. "Pretty please??"

Softcloud purred. "Well, who could say no to a storytime?" She asked,

her tail curling at her belly. "Well-"

Sharptail hissed. "I could! If i must be awake, then i'm going to eat." Walking out, the stiff-legged elder walked away his tail lashing crossly.

Frowning. Raspberrykit blinked, looking to her great-aunts. "Can i hear about something differnt? Like.."

"Like how StarClan's Three-Season terror falls apound us every twenty-six seasons?" Shycloud meowed. Her gaze suddenly darkened.

Softcloud hissed, for once her voice seeming unfriendly. "No, its twenty-seven. And..shes to young. Those tales are to, well scary for young kits."

Raspberrykit sat up. "I want to hear!" She looked at each sister, before blinking pleadingly. Why couldn't she hear? She was closest to becoming a apprentice! Only two moons to go!

Shycloud nodded. "Our grandmother passed the tales to us, its only fair our family keeps the secret. Its almost time too, we both know that." The fluffy elder meowed looking at her sister.

Instently worry washed over her. "W-what?" Raspberrykit blinked. *What is coming? And almost time for what?*

Sighing, Softcloud curled up. Her front paws folding as she leaned to Raspberrykit. "There is great darkness, just like great goodness." She began. "And, even StarClan can't stop it. Every twenty-seven seasons. Tradigty and dispare lands on the Clans. We use to have four Clans, but that Clan sadly died with the endless bodys found chewed on and decaying."

Twisting her head. She looked at Shycloud whom picked up the story. "And, its been twenty-six seasons. Only three more moons, and *It* will come back." The white cat hissed. "And, the prophecy will come back. Just like all those seasons ago with out great-grest-great grandfather. But, they stopped it only for that season it came."

"So, its up to six cats. One being our bloodline, which was thought to be us but were to old..so *you*. And five others from differnt Clans

also." Softcloud added, her berry-blue eyes widening. "Be warned dear, when *It* comes..there will be blood."

"And decay."

Raspberrykit started to back out of the den. As Softcloud's and Shycloud's voice rised into one voice, saying. "And then your fears will be tested agaisnt you! Thats how *It* feeds!"

Racing away. She dived into her mothers mossy nest. Shivering the whole night as she closed her eyes, wishing for the warmth of daylight thst had sunk away into stormy clouds...

3. You made my day!

THANK YOU!!! For Mintpaw, i thought this story would go unnoticed, and this submission just made my day!

BoneClan

Leader *Hickorystar*- beautiful black sleek she-cat, berry colored blue eyes

Deputy *Mangledfoot*- brown tabby tom, mangled back hind foot from a ThunderPath injury

Medicine Cat *Blackrose*- black tabby, sister of the leader, bright green eyes and white paws

Medicine Cat *AssisentWarriorsFawnleg*- fawn colored tabby, blue eyes

App- Gilledpaw

Nettlepatch- pale dusty brown tom, blue eyes

Addertooth- rusty colored tom, with bright amber eyes

App- Lakepaw

Molepelt- brown tabby

Vinehair- white she-cat, faint amberish eyes

App- Raspberrypaw

Queens *Whitewinter*- white, long haired once-kittypet she-cat

(Nursing Molepelt's kits)

Elders

Shycloud- short furred, tawny colored she-cat

Softcloud- short furred, tanish/black tabby

Sharptail- black flint colored tom, green eyes

Apprentices*Raspberrypaw*- red colored tabby, black tipped fur on hind legs/face and ringed black paws dark amber eyes

Lakepaw- pale misty gray she-cat, blue eyes

Gilledpaw- darker white tom, dark blue eyes

MeadowClan

Leader *Flowerstar*- white she-cat, patched in black spots; yellow eyes

Deputy *Webbedrat*- webbed-footed gray tom with a rat-like tail

Medicine Cat *Jupiterspring*- older, once beautiful dark coal-gray she-cat

Medicine Cat Assisent *Roseypaw*

Warriors

Ruffledear- pale red tabby, flattened ears

App-Flintpaw

Hoptwist- gray tabby she-cat, twisted muzzle and nicked ears

Owlwhisper- dark rusty/brown tabby

Yewsnow- pale white/golden she-cat, yellow eyes

App- Treepaw

Hazelowl- gray/hazled colored she-cat patched in white

App- Mintpaw

Queens

Rivernose- long furred, silver tabby

(Expecting)

Dovesong- dark stormt gray she-cat, green eyes

Elders

Kelpfoot- brown tabby tom

Apprentices

Mintpaw- brown she-cat with light brown paws and tailtip, mint green eyes

Roseypaw- red cherry-colored tabby, blue eyes (Medicine Cat Assisent)

Flintpaw- flint-colored tom

Treepaw- brown she-cat tabby, with green eyes and a fluffy tail

MarbleClan

Leader *Tigerstar*- brown/gray she-cat with darker stripes covering her pelt, dark green eyes and a purr-like voice

(Kits; Midnightrunner, Crispwing)

Deputy *Midnightrunner*- black she-cat, with longer back legs, white toes/paws and muzzle along with a white patch on her chest, green eyes

Medicine Cat *Heatheerock*- pale tan tabby, blue eyes

Medicine Cat Assisent

Warriors

Crispwing- gray she-cat, tiger like-stripes and white paws

App- *Yellowpaw*

Graysong- gray she-cat with a bushy tail and white paws, yellow eyes

Darkclaw- black tabby tom, yellow eyes

Snakeeye- dark ginger tom, narrowed yellow eyes

App- *Flypaw*

Queens

Ivyhope- ginger she-cat, pale green eyes and a white tail

Apprentices

Yellowpaw- gray she-cat, yellow eyes

Flypaw- white tom, bushy tail and paler yellow eyes

4. Mintpaw, MeadowClan

Mintpaw's P.O.V

Mintpaw blinked as sunlight filled the apprentice's den. She stretched, her claws catching on loose moss. Rolling, she gave her side a lick before sitting up.

"Hey-wake up!" She nudged Flintpaw awake. "Its morining, sunshine." She meowed, licking her lips. Would any prey be left? Elders ate it all mostly, but. It couldn't hurt to look before asking if she could go hunting for her Clan.

Flintpaw grumbled something. Before blinking open his eyes and looking around. "Mouse-dung! I was suppose to do dawn protrol!" He meowed loudly. Racing out the den.

Rolling her eyes. She followed the coal-gray tom out the den. Paddling to the fresh-kill pile. She picked out a flatten vole and ate quickly. "Hey, Hazelowl! Protrols for me to do?" She asked ergurly. It was nearly sunhigh and she wanted her work done, so that she could practice her fighting moves.

Hazelowl shrugged. "I think webbedrat just went out with a few cats. Catch up with them, then head back before sundown." Her mentor meowed, walking away to ramage threw the fresh-kill.

Webbedrat? Mintpaw scowled. She *hated* that tom! He always thought he was better then everyone else! "Fine." She mumbled, paddling a bit slower to the camp's entrance.

"Hey, Mintpaw!" Roseypaw walked up beside her. "I wanted to go collect some catmint. Want to help guard me?" She asked, her gaze flickered to the entrance. "Unless.."

Ears prickled. Mintpaw nodded, "No, no i can come." *Better then being on protrol with Webbedrat!* "Lets go."

Sene Brake

Mintpaw flicked aside the ferns at her paws. She peered threw the

trees at the old, abandoned twoleg den.

Roseypaw leaped onto a fallen, rotting log. Moss clung to it by the rosey-colored apprentice's feet. "Ok, so just watch." Roseypaw ordered, "I'll collect as much as i can, these adult's seem in a haze almost..its weird. Just one moon..everything changes!" She huffed, "I have to treat most of the cats, *and* always stock up."

Mintpaw rolled her eyes. What were they here for? To hear Roseypaw complain? Or to get catmint? "Ok, just go." Mintpaw hissed, it was wet and misty. Their forest always was wet, mist, dew something. Fallen rotting logs and moss, darkness looming over the trees..

Stop it! Mintpaw shook her head. She had been terrified of the forest ever scince a kit. *Bats*. They always came out after dark, and sence MeadowClan had the darkest forest..well. Bats were unexpected any time of day or night.

Mintpaw had thought it was weird, hearing that MeadowClan was their name. But, even thow they didn't live in a meadow, it was to honor their first leader name Meadowsong, then Meadowstar.

"Hey, what was that noise?" Roseypaw called, her voice echoing over the trees. "To north?"

Mintpaw blinked, flicking a ear as a bird flew from where Roseypaw was looking. "A bird, just hurry up." She growled, lifting a paw that had gotten wet from the moss she stood in.

Roseypaw leaped from the darkness. Her jaws filled heart-shaped grayish green leafs. "Lets go." Roseypaw mumbled threw the cluster of leafs.

Mintpaw flicked her tailtip. "Ok, follow me." Picking the easier path. She walked along mossy, wet earth. As she padded along she looked over her shoulder. Something felt wrong, her heart beated in her chest as she heard leafs moving from behind them. "Did you hear that?" She asked quietly.

Roseypaw shook her head. "No." She hissed softly.

Mintpaw shook her pelt. Water spraying off her as she moved off. Once again, she looked behind her. Then she felt her body freeze. Her eyes widen as she saw a white tom-cat, blood splashed his pelt as yellow-red eyes gleamed back at her.

"Hi there, Minty. Wanta play?"

5. Fadedpaw, MarbleClan

Ok, also please put in the Fears, because..yeah. Already you sent in Mintpaw's fear, (of bats) but yeah, so just please add that in!

Fadedpaw's P.O.V

Fadedpaw blinked as he saw dots of sunlight fuzzed his view. "Wha..?"

Risingdawn walked into the medicine cat den. "Hey, how you feeling?" She asked, her gaze narrowing slightly. "Weak? Ok? What, spit it out!"

Fadedpaw gave a weak smile. *Thats the mentor i know.* "Weak..like always after a black-out." He replied evenly, as he sat up. "So, how much time?" He asked, it was usual for him to black-out. Like always, with runts he was the smallest, weakest..and had problems.

Risingdawn shrugged. "Two hours, maybe more." His mentor gave the gruff replie quickly. Was she worried? He was, of corse her second apprentice. She had trained before, yet he was a runty apprentice. No one had wanted to mentor him, he was going to be casted out as a kittypet, then. Risingdawn had spoken up, promising that she would tuffen him up.

And she has. After a moon, he had been stronger. Less black-outs then as a kit. But, still an out-cast and called out on stuff no other cats did.

"So, ready to try your hunting? Its easy, less work needed more mind-set. Your kind of thing." Risingdawn meowed, after she nodded to Heatherrock, the medicine cat.

Fadedpaw nodded eagerly, it has been hard. Fighting, running, leaping and stuff. But hunting, planning. It was easy to him, something he was so use to..it was like his duty to perform those task. "Of corse, lets go!"

Sene Cut

Fadedpaw leaped. His claws raked the rabbit's side. He quickly

turned, and hit its head with a sharp blow. Then leaped onto its back, taking a quick bite to its spine before the rabbit went limp.

He carried his catch to the pile of fresh-kill. Already, he had gotten a rabbit, two sparrows and a few mice. Which, to some would've been impressive, but this was his usual catches in numbers.

Risingdawn padded into the bracken clearing. Her head tilted, "Hmm..good catches. Thow i thought we said no more rabbits? We have very few up here in these moutians, and we catch us big ones let small ones go so we can have more in the future."

Fadedpaw nodded. "I-i caught a bigger rabbit, but i'm smaller! So..all rabbits look slightly big to me." He stumbled on his words, he was *small*. He couldn't help it! Shuddering, he closed his eyes for a few moments before sighing. "Ok, Risingdawn." He bitterly picked up as much as he could carry, then started to follow his mentor along the rocky, marble moutian.

Sene Cut

Fadedpaw weaved threw the forest. He didn't know where he was. He had the faint idea that..this was a dream. But, it was in the back of his head. The forest was dark, shadows looming over him as his paws were wet from the dew on the moss. As he leaped onto a rotting log, he felt worms under his paws.

Eww! Fadedpaw shuddered. Who would want to live here? He heard this is what the MeadowClan forest was like, but..how could he dream about a place he never seen before?

Before his mind could place it. Something moved in the shadows, then the gray tom froze. Two, yellow and red-rimmed eyes stared at him. They moved as the creature stalked closer its eyes never leaving his fear-frozen face.

Then he saw it, a big, *big* tom walked out. His fur was once white, but blood, old and new, stained the tom's pelt to the skin. Its eyes, never left his face as it stalked closer. Then he saw something odd, its face had this..red down its two eyes coming to a stop at his muzzle's end. He wore this, creepy smile that sent shivers down Fadedpaw's spine.

"Well, hi.." It spoke in an happy manner. With its odd smile twisting as the thing tipped its head. "I am-"

Fadedpaw blinked, took a step back and gave a small growl. He had to know what Clan this..cat, was from. "What Clan do you come from? And why am i here? Did you bring me here? Why? Who are you?" He blurted out more questings then he ment to, but how could he help himself? He wanted to know stuff, and to get to find out stuff, you have to ask queastions.

The thing smiled. Its eyes narrowing sharply for a moment hate blazing in its eyes, but it seemed to have happened so fast, that he thought he imagined it. "I am from no Clan.. But!" It dropped its smile. Its face blank before the blood-stained creature smiled once more. "I am Pennywise, and who may you be?"

Fadedpaw gave the creature a blank stare. *Pennywise*? That had two words, just like a Clancat's name. But what in StarClan's name was a penny? And "wise" ment something diffent then what this vibe Fadedpaw got off this creature. "I-i am Fadedpaw of MarbleClan." He swallowed. As the thing moved closer its breath stunk like rotting meat, like crow-food.

Pennywise smiled widely. "Come here." The blood-stained creature ordered. Its ears prickled as Fadedpaw stepped back. "Do you want a mouse?" It suddenly asked.

Fadedpaw gave a short gasp. As the creature's mouth opened in a short snarl. Rows of teeth showed as it drew closer, and as it gave a laugh. "Nope!"

Twisting, he dashed off. His whiskers flatting on his face as he dodged trees and logs. Then he leaped, the floor gave out under him as he felt the earth shake...

Then distent words called out to him. "Wake up! Fadedpaw wake up!"

6. Update, again!

BoneClan

Leader *Hickorystar*- beautiful black sleek she-cat, berry colored blue eyes

Deputy *Mangledfoot*- brown tabby tom, mangled back hind foot from a ThunderPath injury

Medicine Cat *Blackrose*- black tabby, sister of the leader, bright green eyes and white paws

Medicine Cat *AssisentWarriorsFawnleg*- fawn colored tabby, blue eyes

App- *Gilledpaw*

Nettlepatch- pale dusty brown tom, blue eyes

Addertooth- rusty colored tom, with bright amber eyes

App- *Lakepaw*

Molepelt- brown tabby

Vinehair- white she-cat, faint amberish eyes

App- *Raspberrypaw*

Queens *Whitewinter*- white, long haired once-kittypet she-cat

(Nursing Molepelt's kits)

Elders

Shycloud- short furred, tawny colored she-cat

Softcloud- short furred, tanish/black tabby

Sharptail- black flint colored tom, green eyes

Apprentices

Snowypaw- white she-cat light blue eyes **Main Character**

Nightpaw- black she-cat dark blue eyes **Main Character**

Raspberrypaw- red colored tabby, black tipped fur on hind legs/face and ringed black paws dark amber eyes

Lakepaw- pale misty gray she-cat, blue eyes

Gilledpaw- darker white tom, dark blue eyes

MeadowClan

Leader *Flowerstar*- white she-cat, patched in black spots; yellow eyes

Deputy *Webbedrat*- webbed-footed gray tom with a rat-like tail

Medicine Cat *Jupiterspring*- older, once beautiful dark coal-gray she-cat

Medicine Cat Assisent *Roseypaw*

Warriors

Ruffledear- pale red tabby, flattened ears

App-Flintpaw

Hoptwist- gray tabby she-cat, twisted muzzle and nicked ears

Owlwhisper- dark rusty/brown tabby

Yewsnow- pale white/golden she-cat, yellow eyes

App- Treepaw

Hazelowl- gray/hazled colored she-cat patched in white

App- Mintpaw

Queens

Rivernose- long furred, silver tabby

(Expecting)

Dovesong- dark stormt gray she-cat, green eyes

Elders

Kelpfoot- brown tabby tom

Apprentices

Mintpaw- brown she-cat with light brown paws and tailtip, mint green eyes **Main Character**

Roseypaw- red cherry-colored tabby, blue eyes (Medicine Cat Assisent)

Flintpaw- flint-colored tom

Treepaw- brown she-cat tabby, with green eyes and a fluffy tail

MarbleClan

Leader *Tigerstar*- brown/gray she-cat with darker stripes covering her pelt, dark green eyes and a purr-like voice

(Kits; Midnightrunner, Crispwing)

Deputy *Midnightrunner*- black she-cat, with longer back legs, white toes/paws and muzzle along with a white patch on her chest, green eyes

Medicine Cat *Heatheerock*- pale tan tabby, blue eyes

Medicine Cat Assisent

Warriors

Risingdawn- white and gray she-cat with blue eyes

App- *Fadedpaw*

Crispwing- gray she-cat, tiger like-stripes and white paws

App- *Yellowpaw*

Graysong- gray she-cat with a bushy tail and white paws, yellow eyes

Darkclaw- black tabby tom, yellow eyes

Snakeeye- dark ginger tom, narrowed yellow eyes

App- *Flypaw*

Queens

Ivyhope- ginger she-cat, pale green eyes and a white tail

Apprentices

Fadedpaw- gray tom with darkest gray on his back that fades into all directions, white ears/tailtip/belly and chest **Main Character**

Yellowpaw- gray she-cat, yellow eyes

Flypaw- white tom, bushy tail and paler yellow eyes

Kits

Riverkit- gray tom, white paws blue eyes **Main Character**

7. Nightpaw, BoneClan

Nightpaw's P.O.V

Glancing at the sky. She glared at her sister, who had stayed at the camp to watch over the nursery. It was the Gathering, once a moon for the Clans to meet up in peace. And Snowypaw decided that staying in the nursery to watch snoring kits was better.

"Bye, see you tommarrow!" Snowypaw meowed. Her blue eyes lighten as she looked at the nursery. "I can't belive, *i* get to watch the kits! For a whole night, you know how protective these queens are of those furballs?"

Nightpaw gave her sister a long stare. "No. I don't." She replied her ear flicking. She couldn't really blame Snowypaw, she had always been kinda a "nursery mother" as their mother use to say.

Snowypaw blinked, hurt shined into her sky-blue eyes. "Oh, well..have a good Gathering." The white apprentice turned away. Her paws dragging as she walked into the nursery den.

"That wasn't very nice." Gilledpaw meowed. His ear flicking, "Shes happy to stay here, let her. Just don't ruin her fun, Nightpaw."

Turning. She angerly hissed, "What do *you* know?" She snarled, her ears flatting. "Your just mad, becuase i hurt your *love*."

Gilledpaw stepped back. His gaze locked on Nightpaw. "So be it, be a jerk!" Gilledpaw turned away, stomping past Raspberrypaw who was watching silently.

Angery. She looked at Raspberrypaw. "What, you going to judge me too?"

The red mottled molly blinked. "No, come. You can sit by me tonight." Was all Nightpaw got in replie from the strange she-cat.

Sene Cut

Nightpaw sat beside Raspberrypaw. BoneClan was the last to arrive,

the spots almost always taken by time they got there.

First, the MarbleClan leader spoke, saying they had a new apprentice named Fadedpaw, and that Riverkit was found to have a strange illness, called synesthesia.

Then BoneClan's leader spoke, then MeadowClan finally it was MoleClan's turn.

Tigerstar sat before the Clans. The she-cats pale, leafy green gaze looked across the clearing. "MoleClan is doing fine, prey runs wild and twolegs not seen these past few moons." Tigerstar meowed, her ear flicking. "But, two kits have gone missing. Thier littermate, Waterkit, found dead and half-eaten."

"What?" A MarbleClan queen yowled. "A kit!"

Tigerstar nodded curtly. "Yes, we suspected a fox, or even a badger..but we found nothing." She sighed, a blink of an eyes you could tell the leader was tired.

Flowerstar looked at Tigerstar. Her white-and-black splouched pelt bristled slightly. "MeadowClan too has have problems, Roseypaw reported that Mintpaw seen something..that was right behind the medicine cat's assistant. Yet, Roseypaw herself hadn't seen it..just "felt" it." Flowerstar mumbled, her yellow eyes narrowing. "And we too, have had an apprentice go missing..then turn up dead and half-eaten...his whole rib-cage showed.."

Nightpaw froze. Her ears flattening. "What?" She hissed, "Why are cats going missing?" She asked, mostly to herself. But she looked at Raspberrypaw. The apprentice was laways quiet, weird and just..watching. Did she think that something was going on?

But, the red molly just looked at the leaders. Eyes watchful, darting to each leader after another.

"Nightpaw..."

The black apprentice turned. She stared threw the crowd of cats. Then she spotted something, a flash of yellow..or red? White? She got up, weaving threw the cats as she took to an open area.

"Over here!" A gruff meow came. It was almost..friendly. Like an older elder, that had seen some years.

Nightpaw followed the voice, till she stopped. Her pelt bristling, why was no other cat hearing this? She looked around, no.No.No! Was she crazy? Were did they all go, the clearing.. it was..empty..

"Hello."

Nightpaw turned around. She felt her pelt bristle, body freeze as she saw a big cat sitting infront of her. Its eyes..were yellow, red rimmed and glaring. "Who are you?"

"I'm Pennywise, who are *you*?" It threw back her words, its ears flicking as it waited for a replie.

"N-Nightpaw." She stambered on her words, was that *blood*? And the kit at its paws..*Nettlekit*? Her eyes widen. "Nettlekit? What have you done?"

The creature dipped its head to peer at the kit's still body. "Oh." It gave a small smile, red gleaming teeth.. Giving a small chuckle it pushed the kit's body aside. "Sorry, just..finishing a small snack."

Terror sized threw her body. Yelling at her to run, to run and never look back. But, then the thought flared threw her mind. One, a warrior never runs from a fight. Two, Snowypaw. Did this creature hurt her sister? And, if not. Her sister would be terrified to find that Nettlekit was gone, and she wouldn't ever be trusted to watch the kits again.

Anger burned in her paws, churing in her belly. "You stole a kit from *my* Clan!" She screeched, her head lowered as she scarled at the creature. "You monster!"

It smiled widely. "I've been called worst." It hissed, before racing at her its face tossing side-to-side as it dashed maddly at her.

Nightpaw screeched as she turned around. And ran, her paws barely touching the earth as she tore threw the grass. Then she leaped, and she was back. Cats stared at her, Raspberrypaw walking to her side. "I-i"

"Where were you?" Mangledfoot hissed. "We have been waiting!"

Nightpaw shrunk back. Her paws hurt, stinging from racing threw the dry blades of grass.

Blackrose shouldered Mangledfoot aside. "She is coming with me, her pads are bleeding and she is in shock. So, kindly move out my way."

Mangledfoot hissed, mumbling curses under his breath as he walked away.

Nightpaw walked with Blackrose. Her eyes still wide, flashed of Nettlekit's body still fresh in her shocked state. The only thing she could remember was those yellow eyes..the gleaming bloody teeth...And the name, *Pennywise*.

8. Snowypaw, BoneClan

Snowypaw's P.O.V

Snowypaw blinked. She looked up as she saw the cats walk back in. It has been two days, after Nettlekit went missing during the Gathering..and she was to blame. Whitewinter never spoke to her, Applekit and Winterkit have cried every night about a big, blood tom-cat stealing Nettlekit.

Nightpaw. Have has tooken more and more herbs for shock, rightly after the Gathering. Then more and more after Nettlekit's disappearance..then more when they found the kit's body half-eaten only the kit's face was left with flesh.

And its all my fault. Snowypaw clunched her moss nest closer to herself. She sqezzed her eyes closed. Why hadn't she watched the kits more closely? If she hadn't of fallen asleep..

"Come on!" Molepelt snapped, he hadn't even been training her. Just demanding that she did more protols, and that she got punished for letting his daughter get killed.

Snowypaw followed silently. She closed her eyes, expecting the sharp words of hurt, anger, fear from her mentor. But when Molepelt was silent, she looked up her sky-blue eyes questing.

Molepelt sat with his head down. "Snowypaw." He finally said, anger rising into his grief mixed voice. "Leave, leave and never come back." He gritted his teeth, the warrior looking at his apprentice. "Just go! I don't..i *can't* keep looking at you. Seeing that you were the last one to ever speak, see or hear my daughter.." Molepelt shuddered. "I can't bare it anymore."

Snowypaw blinked. Her head jerking back as she blinked. "I-i can't leave! BoneClan is my home.."

Molepelt growled. "No, its not." He looked at her, claws unsheathing. "If you don't leave. I'll make you."

Snowypaw stepped back. Fear striking her at once. Molepelt was grief-filled, and..she had caused it! But, she wouldn't leave. BoneClan, birth right, was her home. "No, Molepelt."

The warrior spat. Lurching himself at her he clawed her side. "Leave!" He yowled.

"Molepelt!" Blackrose walked from the shadows. Her ears flatten to her head. "Go to my den, *now*." The medicine cat hissed lowly, "And Hickorystar will hear about this."

Molepelt shrugged. His eye narrowing, "Fine, help that *killer*!" The warrior walked off. His shoulder dropping and trail dragging.

Snowypaw sat down. Pain shooting from her side, "Is he ever going to be ok?" She whispered, as the medicine cat pressed cobwebs to her side.

Blackrose shrugged, flicking water off her whiskers. "Probily not, but your needed for something. You and Nightpaw, StarClan has already spoken to me. And he can't scare off someone who'll save us." The medicine cat replied.

Snowypaw blinked. "What?"

Blackrose rised her head, peering into Snowypaw's eyes.

*"A demon of fear,
will rise, and only six,
those of past nine
can save the Clans"*

Blackrose meowed darkly. Sitting up, "There are three, in this Clan. Every medicine cat will recive a sign, of the others that will take part."

Snowypaw stood up. Wincing as pain bloomed from her side. "What is my sign? Nightpaws?"

Blackrose sighed. *"The three, one darkest of that holds stars, the other as white as an snowy owl's feather, and one whos name is unclear, will join three others.."* The black she-cat yawned, her eyes suddenly dropping. "Lets go back, i can't help with anymore questions right now. And i still need to find out, whom they mean by *"whos name id unclear,"*."

Snowypaw nodded. Limping as they entered camp, yawning as she peered at the sun. "I..I'm going to get some sleep, rest..up."

Sene Cut

Snowypaw rised in a musty forest. The air was wet, and the groud even wetter. She stook her head, as mews filled her ears, ringing out.

"Snowypaw?" Nettlekit's voice sounded from behind her.

Turning she gasped as she saw the small kit. Nettlekit's body was rotting, maggots clinging to the once-live kit. Green eyes shined back at her.

"I want to come back to mommy!" Nettlekit whined. "Snowypaw! I want to go back home."

The white-furred apprentice blinked. Tears racing down her cheeks. "I'm sorry, Nettlekit..if i would've staves awake for the night.."

Nettlekit's eyes rolled back, as the green was gone, yellow and red glowed in placement. The kit's fur and rotting meat shifted, moving and twitching as white bloody fur popped in place. Nettlekit's shoulders popped, rotating till finally a big cat stood infront of Snowypaw.

"N-Nettlekit?" Snowypaw shrunk back. Her voice barely a whisper as she stared into dead, cold eyes

The thing smiled. "Guess again." It said, before opening a mouth filled with razor sharp teeth.

Snowypaw screeched as it's teeth dug into her shoulder. Pain flared from the gash as she tore away. Trying to stand she limped away, barely fast enough to try out-running a rabbit.

Claws torn into her hunches, as she was dragged into the darkness, screeching..

Then she awoke in a cold sweat, her shoulder were in the dream drenched in blood, and her back leg torn open..fresh blood streaming out...

9. Riverkit, MarbleClan

Riverkit P.O.V

Riverkit sat on the stone flooring. His head lowered as he squinted to see beyond the fresh-kill pile. Now, he could see perfectly fine. Just... the *noises* made it hard to see, along with the fresh-kill scent that blocked his view.

Riverkit had a "specil" disorder. He saw everything in colors, hearing, smelling. And, that made it harder to just explore without having to try seeing past something..that not even others could see. He felt lost, how could this happen to him? Heatherrock hadn't even had one herb that could help him! What were medicine cats for, if they could heal or help a patient? Midnightrunner, his mother, had wanted to train him herself. And, from what Tigerstar says, his *grandmother*, they wanted to throw him to become a kittypet!

Her own grandkit. Riverkit blinked sadly, had that how much Tigerstar saw him as a burden? He wasn't even six moons yet! So, he could train with Midnightrunner to try and fix this, he could..could do something useful with this mouse-brained disorder!

"Riverkit!" Midnightrunner walked in. Dropping a fresh-killed mouse at his paws. "Eat up, your going to start training to..help with your problem." She meowed stiffly.

To help with my problem? Riverkit stared blankly at his mother to the mouse. Then nodded curtly eating the prey. Yet again, a problem was his disorder. Or, what was a disorder? Heatherrock always said a problem, what most cats called his disorder, was differnt from how all his Clanmates said it was, or used it to explain *him*.

As he finished the mouse. He cleaned his face quickly, no use to have mouse-scent lingering above his face. Making him blinder then an elder. "How are we going to train?" He asked meekly. He wanted to know how, he really did. But, how *could* they train this? Anyways, Midnightrunner, and all of MarbleClan and the other Clans too, can't even know how to help. *They* don't even know really whats wrong, just that he had a hard time moving around because of something

Heatherrock couldn't heal properly.

Midnightrunner sat outside the nursery. "Riverkit, sit down." She meowed softly, "Now, i want you to look around. Close off your other senses, make the noise unnoitced, the scents blocked off.."

Riverkit had stopped lisioning, he could block out noise if he wanted to, but..scent? How? Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath, but instead with his mouth opened. Now, less scent carred in but. Still he had his colorful visions of the fresh-kill pile, the hunting protrol just coming in..

Exciment fuzzed his pelt. He could see past the fresh-kill pile! "I can see!" He meowes happpily. Looking at Midnightrunner. "Its helping!"

The black she-cat nodded. "I knew it would." She purred, her gaze flashing to Tigerstar. "Let me speak with your grandmother, if she just understood.."

Riverkit nodded. Tigerstar, would his grandmother lision? Maybe even watch, test him? It would be helpful, if the old she-cat even tryed to help him out. Instead of treating him like a burden, blocking him off her view or path.

"Riverkit!" A small kit-like voice called. "Riverkit, come play!"

Turning, he peered threw the stone cracks. "Hello?" He whispered, it was weird..scent came off a place where no-one stood. The reddish wavering colors gave off that, well a something stood there.

Then, like a flash of light a small she-kit appered. Her pelt, as white as snow, and seemed to be as smooth as the pebbles in the river. "Hello, Riverkit!" The she-kit purred softly, light soft blue eyes blinking.

"H-hi." Riverkit gazed at the kit in wonder. For many reasons, one. This kit appered from no-where, she smelt like a Clankit..but wasn't. And, two, this she-kit was the most lovely cat Riverkit has ever seen. She looked to be a kittypet, by her softness and smoothed fur..but she had the wildcat look to her.

"Want to play?" The she-kit asked, her eyes widining. "Lets *swim!*"

Riverkit felt his belly churn. Swimming? He hated the water, or well. Had more of a fear for it, he even hated to *drink* from a rain puddle! None the less swim in the thing that can drown any animal living! "I-I can't swim, anyways who are you?"

The snow-white kit blinked. "I'm.." The she-kit paused, her gaze flashing with something odd before she replied smiling. "I'm Foamkit."

Foamkit? Riverkit walked to the she-kit, sniffing at her pelt. He knew that scent, he knew it when he was born.. "No, Foamkit died the day me and her were born!" He quickly stumbled away from the she-kit. Who was she? Why did, and how did, she know about Foamkit?

The white kit blinked. The softness of her blue eyes faded into hate and curlity. "Well, we were about to go play. Why did you have to ruin it?" The kits voice had changed, into a gruff and drawn-out tom-cats voice.

Riverkit stared in horror as the kit's body twitched, the skin started to move and tear, revealing white fur, or what had to be once white fur that was blood-stained. Then, before him stood a massive cat. White-blood stained mangled fur, yellow-red eyes and unsheathed bloody claws. The thing opened its mouth to reveal rows of razor sharp teeth.

The thing fixed its gaze onto Riverkit. A crooked smile forming onto its muzzle. "Hi there, Riverkit. Your right, poor little Foamkit died already. So, want to *really* know my name? So were..*friends?*" It..purred?

Riverkit felt horror, terror rippling through his skin. He felt frozen, scared out of..well his *mind*. "H-how?"

It stared at him for a moment. Before smiling again. "Pennywise, Riverkit, now we know each-other, right? Now how about you close your mouth, might need the air for were going swimming!" It grabbed Riverkit's scruff, racing towards the foaming waters of the waterfall, where a river barely gazed the camp's side.

Riverkit screeched. His paws failing as he kicked at the creature. He couldn't swim! He would drown, water..water was just something he

couldn't do! "Let me go!" He scratched at its nose. Feeling the teeth loosen from his skin, he wiggled free dropping onto the stone ground.

It rubbed its nose with a paw. Glaring at Riverkit, "That wasn't very nice, now was it?" It asked, lowering its head as it stalked towards Riverkit.

Riverkit got to his paws. Nearly falling as he raced towards the camp. How did he let it lead him out here? His mother would kill him if she sees him out of camp, and. To say he couldn't say that..whatever was after him had lured him out. They would think he had lost his mind completely.

Riverkit leaped into the camp's bramble entrance. Twisting to run in the shadows till he was at the nursery. Where he fell to his belly, out of breath and limbs burning from terring threw the rocky marble moutian...

10. Raspberrypaw, BoneClan

Truth be said, i said only "six" Mains because i didn't know how..well, this story would do, so. If i keep getting submissions, Eight will be the rightful number!! So, yeah!

Raspberrypaw P.O.V

Raspberrypaw stalked quietly threw the forest. She lifted her tufted ears to stop, and lision to her surroundings.

Blinking, she narrowed her eyes looking down her narrow muzzle to see a paw-print in the mud. "Mouse-brains." She hissed softly. She was praticing stalking, and Nightpaw, Snowypaw and Gilledpaw were suppose to practice not being found.

Breathing in. She closed her eyes, following the scent-trail. *Snowypaw*. A white tail flicked into a bush, just where the mumbled-brained she-cat would've hid. Leaping, she caught onto fur, tackling the cat down, she rolled her paw on the white cat's throat. "Mouse-brain, leaving.." Raspberrypaw blinked. This wasn't Snowypaw, a white tom was at her paws. His eyes were a soft blue blinking up at her.

"Why, hello." The tom-cat purred softly, sitting up. "Is this not free-land?" He asked, a slight frown coming across his face.

Raspberrypaw growled. "No, ots not. Your on Clan terrtiory, now leave or suffer the-" Pausing she took a deep breath, her muzzle scrunching up. "You smell like crow-food, *badly*." She didn't bother to try and play it nice. This cat was on her terrtiory, and well...

The cat stood up. His eyes narrowing. "Well, one must do to live.. Its hard not eating prey like you cats always do, i live off something else.."

Raspberrypaw flicked a ear. "Your a kittypet? They eat "something else" but, your blood-stained. You part of a gang?"

The tom frowned. "A gang? No i work alone, but.." The white cat

stepped forward. Grinning as he lowered his head. "You could see my home, wouldn't that be nice?"

Raspberrypaw opened her jaws to replie, when she heard a twig snap. The tom looked up, gritting his teeth.

"Fox-dung, well. It was nice speaking to you, Raspberry. Bye-bye!" The tom leaped off into the bushes. His white tail lashing as Gilledpaw walked into the clearing.

"Who were you talking to?" Gilledpaw meowed, tilting his head.

Raspberrypaw growled. "No-one, just some loner whom wondered into our territory, hes gone now." She replied, looking into the bushes. She wanted to know more about the cat, it intrressed her to know of..well other lives then in the Clans.

Gilledpaw opened his jaws slightly. Looking confushed as he stared at her. "There no scent other then ours, your loosing your mind Raspberry."

Raspberrypaw hissed, "My name is Raspberrypaw!" She sat down, licking a paw and drawing it over her ear. Then it suddenly hit her, the cat. He had called her "Raspberry". How come she didn't notice that? She looked into the shadows, a sudden uneasy feeling washing over her. Had the cat been...*spying* on her? Or had he been spying on the whole Clan?

And why, *Raspberry*. She knew her name was long, for. Her mother had been known as "Bluebellsong". And before her, her grandmother's name had been "Lilypadsong". And, so far as Raspberrypaw knew, her warrior name was to follow the same ending in "song" also.

"Coming, or going to sit and think all day?" Gilledpaw asked, shaking water off his pelt. "Its wet, and i want to go and eat before i have to do night-watch."

Yeah, yeah. Rolling her eyes. She followed the older apprentice till they got into camp. Snowypaw and Nightpaw shared a rabbit by the camp's entrance. "Got here quickly?" She mewed, grabbing a mouse and sitting next to Nightpaw.

"Well, it was wet..." Nightpaw looked into the forest's shadows. Her ears flicking and the fear-scent that the she-cat always seemed to have when she watched the shadows move came back.

What she so afraid of? Licking a paw, she rubbed her ear. "It was wet, but still..not that bad." Raspberrypaw thought back to the loner. Why hadn't Gilledpaw been able to scent the cat who stood there, *talking* to Raspberrypaw? It was..odd.

Gilledpaw came to eat beside them. Talking about his latest fighting moves as Snowypaw talked about how she has been helping Blackrose stalk up herbs. "Hey, Raspberrypaw. Tell them about that loner." He meowed, looking at the crimson colored she-cat. "The one i couldn't scent out."

Raspberrypaw felt Nightpaw tense up beside her. "What is it?" She mumbled into Nightpaw's ear.

"Did this..loner come out of no-where?" Nightpaw asked, her eyes wide. "An-and have a white, bloody pelt?" The black apprentice seemed terrified, as she whispered back to Raspberrypaw.

Suddenly, tense. She nodded slowly. "Come, lets speak..somewhere else."

Sene Cut

Raspberrypaw sat beside Nightpaw. She gave the black she-cats ear a quick lick. "So, hes a kit-eater?" She looked up at the sky. She had heard Nightpaw's story, was it true? Had she spoken to a..kit eater?

She felt her belly clunch in disgust. He hadn't ment kittypet food, he ment other cats. "That crow-food smell..i just thought.."

Nightpaw blinked. "Well, i don't think that..thing is a cat." She whispered, her gaze searching. "I, i believe that we *have* to tell Snowypaw. Now that i know i'm not crazy, loosing my mind!"

"No!" Raspberrypaw got to her paws. Getting infront of Nightpaw, she took a deep breath. "No, it'll just get Snowypaw worked up." She replied sternly, "So we *don't* tell her!"

Nightpaw shuddered, her pelt bristling. "But..shes my *sister*, what if it goes for *her*?" Eyes closed, Nightpaw got to her paws. "I'm going to sleep, but we will have to tell her, not today..but sometime."

Raspberrypaw nodded. "Of corse.." The crimson she-cat paddled at Nightpaw's side. Her gaze flashing as she looked into the shadows. Now she understood, why Nightpaw seemed to always be afriad. That..*thing* could be lurking anywhere! Shivering, she climbed into her nest. Only to have Nightpaw tap her on the shoulder. "What?"

"C-can i sleep beside you?" Nightpaw looked at her paws. "Please?" She whispered meekly.

Shaking her head to herself. She suddedly felt why Nightpaw asked, they were the only two to know about this thing. So, staying close would be good. Sighing, she finally meowed. "Fine" Watching as Nightpaw scooted her nest close to Raspberrypaw's.

Laying her head onto her paws. She sighed, blinking at the half-moon. Comfurt filled her as she felt Nightpaw settled beside her, the faint breaths coming shallow as the apprentice fell asleep. Yawning, Raspberrypaw closed her eyes, falling alseep beside the apprentice with fur as black as night..

11. Mintpaw, MeadowClan (01-14 19:28:33)

Mintpaw P.O.V

Suddering in the dark. She watched Roseypaw walk into the medicine cat's den. The medicine cat assisent bend down, sniffing at Mintpaw before dropping herbs at her paws.

"Not feeling better yet?" Roseypaw asked, her gaze narrowing. "These adults are getting lazyer, i've been making the moon-dream trips, not Jupiterstream!"

Mintpaw nodded. She had also noticed, that with the apprentices and kits acting normal, the adults..acted funny. They hardly care about anything now, for when Mintpaw crossed the border to chase after a squirrel, she usually would've had her tail chewed off for that. But, Flowerstar completely innorged the fact that she had done anything.

"Hey, cheer up. I heard that your going to the Gathering." Roseypaw meowed her gaze light. "Thats good, isn't it?"

Mintpaw sighed. "Yeah, i guess." She mumbled. Her ear flicking, "Can we not have rain? Its already the most wettest forest! Like the river just was tossed over us!" She growled as she spyed the dark rainstorm-clouds.

Roseypaw frowned. "Well, they call it a *usual* thing for rain to come. Mintpaw!" She gave a small sigh. "Anyways, do you really hate water *that* much?"

Mintpaw shrugged. "No, just hate having wet paws." She replied sternly, why did it matter that being wet caused her..discomfort? "The Gathering, you coming?"

Roseypaw blinked. She and Mintpaw had been spending time together, mostly becuase Mintpaw wanted to only leave camp with someone who didn't think she had gone completely bonkers. "Yea, i think i am."

Mintpaw nodded. "Good." Was all she said before she curled up

falling back asleep.

Sene Cut

Mintpaw walked beside Roseypaw. As she sat down, she felt an uneasy feeling.

"Minty..Oh Minty!"

Mintpaw tensed up. Her eyes widening as she felt frozen. *I'm in with other cats, i..i.* She realized, that it didn't matter if she was with other cats. They couldn't see..It. She closed her eyes tightly her tail wrapping around her paws. "Go away..go away..go away.." she mutter under her breath.

"Mintpaw?" Roseypaw nudged the brown she-cat's side. "Hey, i gotta go with the other medicine cats. Ok?"

Before Mintpaw could reply. She felt a breath stirr the furr on her neck. Jumping, she twisted to see the bloody-white tom-cat smiling. "Innorging me now? Thats not nice." It meowed.

Mintpaw felt her heart pounding in her chest. Did *no-one* else see this? He was standing *right* beside a cat for StarClan sake! "Go away!" She hissed turning to race off into the BoneClan cats.

Oof! Mintpaw tripping over a midnight-black she-cat her face hitting the ground. Getting to her paws, she felt her heart pause. The white tom walked calmly threw the crowd. Its eyes narrowed sharply. "Leave me alone!"

"Who-" The BoneClan apprentice got to her paws. Eyes wide in fear. "Y-you see it to?" The cat whispered backing to Mintpaw's side.

Blinking, she nodded quickly. "It can't hurt us..not while were in the middle of all the Clans!" She meowed, thats what she thought. Or, more like a wish.

It growled as it confronted the two cats. "You-"

Mintpaw turned her gaze to where a crimson she-cat drizzled in darker crimson-colors walked out.

Turning her gaze back to the bloody-white tom she blinked as his ears flattened. "Mouse-dung!" He hissed before racing off into the crowd of cats, disappearing once she could see threw the patches of talking cats.

"Nightpaw?" The crimson she-cat meowed, concern filled her voice. "And..your Mintpaw right?"

Mintpaw nodded. Her eyes closing for a moment before she looked at the two BoneClan she-cats. "Yes, who are you?" She paused..her heart racing. "C-can you see it too?" She asked in a low voice.

The she-cat nodded. Her gaze falling, "Yes, i do. And i'm Raspberrypaw."

The midnight-colored she-cat took a deep breath. "Nightpaw, do you know if anyone else in your Clan has seen this..*thing*?"

Mintpaw closed her eyes. "No, i saw it a few moons ago. Roseypaw, the medicine cat assistant didn't even see it when it..was just behind her!" She growled softly, "And none of these cats seemed to notice it."

Nightpaw nodded. "Yeah, i..". She paused, tears filling her gaze. "That *thing* kills kits, and apprentices and eats..them." Nightpaw's voice filled with disgust. "That atleast what we think, no Warriors has gone missing yet."

Mintpaw blinked. "I'm not close to becoming a warrior, i'm only eight moons." She meowed, shaking her head. "You?"

Nightpaw blinked, almost nine moons." She replied evenly, "And Raspberrypaw is already nine moons old."

"Great!" Mintpaw muttered, "So all we know.." She sighed, "Your lucky. All of my Clan thinks i'm crazy, and Roseypaw spends time with me because she feels bad." Mintpaw clawed the grass. "You have each-other."

Raspberrypaw gave a short growl. "Stop feeling bad for yourself!" She snapped, anger clear in her tone. "This thing has only tried scaring us." She gave a short sigh, but strightened up. "Think stright, and *don't* go trying to get yourself killed."

Mintpaw nodded. "Well, i'm not stupid! But, what if others can see this thing?" She asked, her heart racing. "We need to find out, we..we could kill it?"

Raspberrypaw frowned. Something flashed in her amber eyes, something..but Mintpaw shook it off. Raspberrypaw had rumors of being weird, strange and..just plain out unpredictable. "No, I..my great-aunts once told me a story..that a great evil will rise, and i. Like my past blood would have to save the Clans with others." She sighed, "I was terrified of what they told me as a kit, and truthfully i forgot. Now, I believe theres..three more cats." She looked up. "We have to find them, well ask around BoneClan if anyone, mostly kits and apprentices, if they have seen a bloody-white tom who smells like crow-food."

Mintpaw took a step back. "Ok, but if i am continued crazy..or crazier then what my Clanmates think i am, i'm coming after both of you." She growled, her eyes narrowing as Tigerstar called the Gathering to an end.

Raspberrypaw nodded calmly. "Fair enough, till next time we meet. Mintpaw."

"Next time we meet." Mintpaw meowed as she walked to Roseypaw's side. Smiling, she gave a faint purr. "I met some..new friends. And ready for a night's sleep!" She purred softly. Her gaze following into the darkness where the moonlight didn't shine...

12. Fadedpaw, MarbleClan A New Friend

Fadedpaw P.O.V

The gray tom leaped, twisted and clawed at the many rats that raced towards him. He growled, shaking off a few that clinged to his pelt. *What happened?* He squinted to see threw the hord, to even glimps what these foul animals where running from. But, however much he tried, more piled infront of him.

Fadedpaw hissed, feeling teeth run threw his paw. Picking up a rat with his teeth, he tossed it aside. Blood trickling from his paw. *Will they never stop coming?* He knew that rats wouldn't see him. They were 'running, not coming to attack. The few that did, wouldn't be much a problem. It was a dream, he had the same dream three times now, but, only two nights ago it was snakes. He shuddered, he hated snakes.

No,

He thought his head hanging low.

I fear them.

Much that he tried to denie this, he always flinched when 'round one.

But, he thought it was only fair to see those death-nopes as a fear-factor. One had killed his mother, when he was yet a kit. He blinked, tears welming in his eyes. He still remembered the day...

Fadedkit heard a strill yowl. He poked his head out of the nursery. Curiosity bruning in his blue gaze. As he walked around, he smelt something.. opening his jaws, he froze. Something saltly, something like blood. Fear froze the small tom-kit to the ground as his father bursted threw the camp's entrenece with his mother leaning on his shoulder.

"She been bitten!" His father wailed, the pale ginger tom laying his mate's body onto the leaf-bare-frozen grass. "Don't worry my sweet blossom, you'll be fine." He cooed, his nose into his mate's neck-fur.

Heatherrock bowed her head. A sudden flash of her gaze to Fadedkit, but

he barely noticed at the time. His whole body trembled, shaking in fear and disgust at the blood wavering from his mother's face.

"She's gone, the poison has set in." Heatherrock whispered, turning to press her warm pelt close to Fadedkit's. "I'm sorry."

"No!" His father lifted onto his feet. Anger burning in his amber eyes. "You're a failure of a medicine cat!" He screeched, his words cut deep as the medicine cat flinched. "Owl Blossom is fine!" He nudged his mate's side. Tears leaking from his eyes, falling down his ginger cheeks dropping onto Owl Blossom's glassy gaze.

Fadedkit ran to his mother, his eyes searching for any movement. But, all he did was take more and more details of her death.

Her white fur was dirty, dried blood on her hunches where she had been dragged threw the marble mountain. Face, fear-stricken in a frozen terror with emotionless, glassy pale yellow eyes. A small bite, one that only an rattler could make, was on the side of her face, just below her right ear. Blood dripped out her mouth, dripping onto the stone floor with a slow.

Drip!...Drip!...Drip!...

Fadedkit turned from his mother's corpse. His belly clunched into a ball as he remembered her still, lifeless body...

"Fadedpaw!" Jumping, Fadedpaw sighed as he noticed the walls of the apprentice's den.

"Hey, Riverpaw is waiting!" The apprentice Fadedpaw didn't care to learn the name of, walked away. Leaving him to find out where Riverpaw was.

Fadedpaw almost growled. Riverpaw, how could a five moon kit, a runt like him, be an apprentice? Midnightrunner, the new apprentice's mother and mentor was waiting with her son.

Riverpaw bounced happily. His eyes wide at the thought of going out. "Where are we going first?" He asked, looking up hopefully at his mentor/mother.

The deputy snorted at her son's energy. "The river." She replied, her

ear twitching at the sudden change of her son's attitude. "What, can't swim?" A sudden coldness entered the she-cat's voice. Drawing out the fact that Riverpaw, didn't even like the thing he was named after.

But, this made his pelt prickle for some reason. He knew that..inkyness to the voice. Shuddering, Fadedpaw looked over Midnightrunner quickly. She *looked* the same, but..the voice was unmistakable! "Midnightrunner?" He asked, hesitation prickling over him as the deputy faced him. "Why don't i show him some hunting moves? To..fit his smallness like me?" Fadedpaw inhaled the snort of frustration from Riverpaw.

"I'm not sma-" Riverpaw was cut off by Midnightrunner's meow.

"Sure, its fine with me." The black she-cat went off to the entrance, stopping to speak with Risingdawn.

Riverpaw gave a small growl. "Why did you call me small?" He demanded.

Fadedpaw gave a slight glare at the younger tom. "Because, its the only excuse i could make up.. your fearful of water, so I just saved your pelt!"

The gray tom gave a small sigh. "I-" He glanced at the entrance. "Thanks." He muttered half-heartedly before walking off.

Thanks? Fadedpaw felt a slight anger rise up in him. He just saved this..this *kits* pelt! And all he got was a half-hearted "Thanks"? Anger boiled in Fadedpaw as he followed the two cats out. His paws dragging as he watched Riverpaw.

The young tom staggered a little bit. He constantly stopped, would breath from his jaws then continue. It annoyed him a little bit to be completely honest. But, Fadedpaw knew that Riverpaw had some..kind of "illness" as cats call it.

Fadedpaw frowned as he watched Riverpaw nearly run into a tree. *More like a problem for him.* Shaking his head, he picked up his pace to walk beside Riverpaw. "Here, let me guide you as we walk." Placing a tail on the cat's shoulder, he gave a small smile. "There,

now you can walk right."

Riverpaw blinked. His head lowering, "T-thanks." He meowed looking at the trail. "Colors.." He muttered, a shake of the tom's head and he went silent.

Fadedpaw thought he heard pawsteps, but when he looked. Nothing was there, and. For as far as he knew, Riverpaw didn't hear them. Finally, Fadedpaw fully turned around his ears flattened. "Don't you hear that?" He hissed.

Riverpaw blinked, surprise lit into his gaze. "Y-you mean that you can hear the..the things that others can't?" The gray tom gave a sigh of relief. "I can't believe i arn't bonkers!"

Bonkers? Fadedpaw shook this off. His head tipping to the side. "Of corse i do, after that horrible dream.." He shuddered, he still remembered the wet, soggy forest. "Wait, so you mean you saw..that one cat?"

Riverpaw pawed at the earth. His gaze glazing over. "It turned into my dead littermate, Foamkit." He meowed sadly, his shoulders dropping. "Then it picked me up, and carryed me to the river. I *just* was able to get away."

Fadedpaw's gaze softened. He walked to his Clanmate's side, burying his nose into Riverpaw's side. "Thats horriable, why didn't you tell Midnightrunner?" He asked, why wouldn't a kit tell their mother someone, or *something* tried to throw him into the river?

Then again, i never said a word about my experience. Fadedpaw sighed inwardly. "Hey, we got each other." He forced a small smile. "Anyways, both of us can help each other, Midnightrunner and Risingdawn will let us help train together. Sence.." He trailed off, he didn't want to make the young tom feel mad at him, for calling him small. *Again.*

But, Riverpaw gave a wide smile. "Sence were both *small*?" Riverpaw gave a short laugh, his softing. "Thanks, haven't been able to laugh..sence i saw that thing." He leaned against Fadedpaw, his pelt warming Fadedpaw's side.

Fadedpaw felt his face get hot. Pawing the ground, he looked at the trail. "Midnightrunner will think we got lost. We better keep going!" Smiling, he added. "Race you there!"

Riverpaw gave a short snort. "Yeah right, i'm younger and have more engery *old man*!"

Fadedpaw started running. His paws carring him along the moutian trail as he heard the heavy breathing of Riverpaw as they ran. His heart beated. eyes narrowing as he leaped acrossed an opening of rocks. His paws landed with a *thud*! As he rolled, tripping over his own paws.

Riverpaw soon dropped beside him. His sides heaving as he gasped for air. "That-" Riverpaw blinked, golping more air. "-was fun!"

"What in StarClan's name are you two doing? There trails are dangerous! Running like wild banchees get you nowhere, now come on!" Midnightrunner snapped, her green eyes percing into both cats.

Riverpaw rolled his eyes at his mother. Getting to his paws, "Come on, or she'll kill us for being late!" He snorted.

Fadedpaw smiled. "Or for being reackles!" He laughed as the two walked up the trail, side-by-side chating as the sun slowly rised above them...

13. Nightpaw, BoneClan Illness

Lol, yeah. Pennywise is in the universe wrong ..well not a human to say! Hope ya like the next chapter! Also, if ya know Supernatural the series.. well, just say if ya do!

Nightpaw P.O.V

Nightpaw rolled to her side. Her gaze flickered around the medicine cat's den as she felt her stomach revolt again.

"Ugh.." Nightpaw rolled to have the stone floor at her side. Her eyes narrowing as she lifted her head. "Raspberry..?"

The crimson she-cat smiled, her head lifting to Nightpaw. "Good morning, sleep well?" The she-cat blinked, the darker crimson drizzles over her pelt making Nightpaw's vision swirl.

"Fine.." Nightpaw felt Raspberrypaw's nose touch her ear softly. Face burning, she blinked her gaze flickering to the entrance of the den. "Wheres the medicine cat?"

Nightpaw felt Raspberrypaw stiffen beside her. "Blackrose is out..and Fawnleg died of the sickness." She meowed softly, her tone turning dark. "And..He came back, just as you slept.."

Nightpaw felt the she-cat shudder. "Came back?" Instantly her face went pale. "Fawnleg..?" She swallowed as Raspberrypaw nodded grimly. "It took her?" She gave a small whimper, poor Fawnleg. She had just tried to help her Clanmates, with an injured hind leg, she served as a medicine cat assistant. And.. *then she became food for something terrible.*

Dim light filled the den. As Blackrose paddled back in, herbs in her jaws. The black she-cat seemed jumpy, her gaze always landing on Fawnleg's nest. But, soon after two days. Nightpaw noticed how she just completely side-passed the nest where her former apprentice once slept. She just..continued walking, never even glancing at where the poor assistant once lived.

One day, Nightpaw awoke to a cold chill. Raspberrypaw was beside her, sleeping soundlessly with her nose burred into Nightpaw's side. Watching the stars, the young she-cat blinked. Her gaze watchful as she saw the twinkling lights.. *Is Fawnleg up there?* She thought, her head tilted sideways a little. *Nettlekit? All those..It killed?* Nightpaw shifted in the mossy nest. Her paws folding under her chest as she gave a short sigh.

Raspberrypaw stirred at Nightpaw's side, a low raspy meow coming from the she-cat. "Go to sleep.."

Giving a curt nod, thow she knew that the crimson apprentice was asleep, she laid her head down. Taking a deep breath, althrow perparing for a run, or for a fight. She closed her eyes, taking no noticed to the glowing yellow eyes that watched from darkness outside the camp..

Srry, i know its short!! But i wanted to get a chapter out here for know, yesterday i had the WORST headach ever, (Well, i *always* get headachs, mingrans mostly, but still) so i didn't actualt write. So yeah, hope ya enjoy!

14. Snowypaw, BoneClan Anger And Confusion

Snowypaw P.O.V

Snowypaw dropped her catch into the fresh-kill. She gazed silently at the medic cat's den, where her sister was sickly.

Nearly two and a half moons its been sence she last saw that..*thing*. Shivering, she still remebered the pain and blood. Yet, the blood disappered so did the wounds..from her dream and eyes. As she walked into the den, she stopped her paw hovering just above the ground as she heard Nightpaw's voice.

"What can we do?" Nightpaw asked, her voice becoming a strill mew. "*It* is going to come back, we both know that Rasp!"

Raspberry gave a soft meow, her voice quiet before Snowypaw heard her say. "We got each other, it might've gotten Nettlekit.." Raspberrypaw's voice dropped as she swallowed. "And Fawnleg's dead body, but were together. Safter in a..a group."

Snowypaw felt her heart skip a beat as her sister scofted. "*And?* What it it gets Snowypaw? I wouldn't be able to forgive my self for not telling her!" Nightpaw gave a soft whimper. "Its not fair, not fair to her, me or you!"

The snow-colored she-cat inhaled deeply. They had seen the..the thing too? And..*Nettlekit*. Tears wailed in her eyes, as she stepped into the den. "Y-you also seen it?" She muttered. Her gaze narrowing as nither cat replied.

Then she stepped back as Raspberrypaw growled. "You were *evsdropping* on us!" The crimson cat gave a faint snort. "Just what i would expect from-"

Nightpaw gave the apprentice a long glare, before looking at her sister. "Yes, i seen it..the night of Nettlekit's disapperce." She sighed softly, her eyes lowering. "And, Raspberrypaw seen it a bit after, but..*it* showed itself as a loner."

Snowypaw blinked. She remembered, the day that Gilledpaw had said he didn't smell a cat when Raspberrypaw claimed she saw a loner. "I remember, when you went to talk.." Snowypaw gave a faint hiss. "And you didn't tell me?" Anger flared in her eyes. "I could've been hurt! And I'm your *sister*!"

Nightpaw blinked guiltily. "I'm sorry, but-" Snowypaw raced out the den. Her paws carrying her outside the camp, into the forest.

Why did she tell me? Snowypaw felt tears run off her face as she ran. *Is it because she trusts Raspberrypaw more?* Once again, she leaped up her paws thumping onto the harder earth at the border with MarbleClan. She stopped, practically skidding on her paws as she nearly tripped over. "Mouse-dung!" She lifted a paw, her pads were scraped by the hard earth that was around the mountain.

"You shouldn't go out alone, it's *dangerous*." A gruff tom's voice meowed.

Snowypaw froze. Turning, she faced the large white tom with glowing yellow eyes. "J-just leave me alone." She whispered, her gaze falling to her paws. Why did she run? She was mad, angry. Unhappy, yet. This..this *thing* decides to show up at a bad time! She gritted her teeth, anger flaring threw her before she knew it, she was glaring at the tom with bared. "You always have *great* timing, don't ya?!" She hissed, sarcasm dripping from every word. "Right? Coming to scar me? Why? Hmm!" She hissed, anger blazing threw her icy blue eyes.

Instantly, the white tom dropped into a crouch. His yellow eyes glowing as he stared her into the eyes. "No one's ever talk to me like that, anger at.." He tipped his head. His gaze suddenly dropping to a more "friendly" look. "Hmm, at Nightpaw?"

Snowypaw sat down. Confusion blurred into her eyes. "Y-yes?"

The cat stood up. His tail twitching above his head. With one paw up, his face formed into a friendly smile. Eyes twisting from the sinister yellow-red rimmed to an cool watery blue. "Come, Snowypa-" The crow-food smelling cat was cut off by Nightpaw and Raspberrypaw's pawsteps. He instantly smiled, his eyes flashing. "Well, see you

laterThe white cat said in an almost singing-like voice as it ran off into the bushes.

"Snowypaw!" Nightpaw leaped onto her sister. Covering her face in worry-licks. "What happened, are you ok?" She meowed, stumbling to her paws Snowypaw smiled.

"Just fine, I-" Snowypaw cut herself off. She was relizing the look from Raspberrypaw that she wasn't still in the clear. She *had* evsdropped, *and* didn't come out untill..well they were done talking... But she deserved an answer to *why* they hid the fact that an strange..*thing* stalked the forest! "What?" She asked, anger dropping into her voice once more.

The crimson drizzled she-cat gave her a small glance. Before walking to Nightpaw's side. "Nothing, so you know about this..cat?"

Nightpaw snorted. "Its no cat, i've never seen a *cat* shape-shift!"

Snowypaw was painfullt aware of Nightpaw's weakness. She nudged her sister's shoulder, her gaze light. "Come on, you need to rest." She meowed softly, looking at Raspberrypaw. "Right, instead of bring her out here, with a *illness*?" She meowed pointingly, what in StarClan's name did Raspberrypaw think of letting Nightlaw run out here sick?

The she-cat merely nodded. Her gaze flickering ahead of them. "Shes right, lets go."

Felling a prickle of irritaion. She walked beside her sister, letting Nightpaw use her to help walk. She paused, looking around. One thing she still questioned, why did it suddenly stopped trying to attack her? Suddenly..*be..nice*? She had gotten ticked off, yelling without a dout that the thing would've snatched her up for an early dinner. But..it hadn't. And, Snowypaw wanted to know why.

15. Raspberrypaw, BoneClan Tilt Of A Head

Soo.. Goreslash, the whole Pennywise and Mintpaw thing, got me thinking.. One- Why in StarClan'e name would a little kid talk to a Clown in..the SEWER!? Yeah..how i would've reacted.

Pennywise- Hiya, dropped your boat?

*Me- Yeah..Nope *leave* keep it! You..creepy, weird clown.. *says as walking away**

Yeah, not long enough to even..say anything. Why? Becuase i really, really am terrified of clowns, even ones that look happy..*shudders* thats even worst! Yeah.. good readings to ya all! ~

Raspberrypaw's P.O.V

Raspberrypaw walked beside Nightpaw. She gazed unsteadily at Snowypaw, her gaze narrowing. Why did this she-cat just run off? She nearly hsd scared Nightpaw to death, *and* in an ill state-thats not good-. Then, the mouse-brained cat trys blaming *her*!

No good-

Nightpaw gives a weezy cough that rattles her body. "I-i think i'm grtting worst." She mumbled, her ears flatting.

Worry blurred threw her, as Raspberrypaw looked at her friend. She had never really counted anyone as a friend. But, Nightpaw..seemed, oh she didn't really know..just. *Differnt*.

Giving a soft purr and an forced smile. She nudged her friend's side gently. "Were almost back to camp." Raspberrypaw reasured her softly.

Snowypaw lifted her head. "Shes not a kit, i hope you know." The white she-cat snapped, clear anger in her ice-blue eyes.

Turning to glare at the snowy she-cat. She growled lowly, "I know! I'm just looking after a friend." The replie came harsher then she

ment, her tail flicking as she soon seen the camp.

Cut

Raspberrypaw sat beside Nightpaw. Her paw lifted to point at a passing butterfly. "Thats a Swallowtail butterfly." She meowed, as a black-and-yellow butterfly flew past their heads. "My mother studied them, and tought me some of the names."

Nightpaw blinked, her gaze falling onto the butterfly. "Hmm, thats..nice." She smiled faintly, her tailtip twitching. "Everything seems..calm. Like, its just..went away." There was a wistful note in Nightpaw's voice. As she spoke, she leaned gently a-side Raspberrypaw.

"Peaceful..and quiet?" She added. As Gilledpaw and Snowypaw came to sit beside them.

"Hey, want some fresh-kill, just caught blood still warm!" Gilledpaw meowed, but his words sent a shiver down Raspberrypaw's spine.

She had nightmares, as much as she wanted to denie this, she did. Mostly of the cat she saw, the details all caught into one dream. The crow-food smell of dead kits and apprentices, the frosty blue eyes that change to a sinister yellow-red. The gnoted white pelt that had old and new blood always stained. And, what she didn't see the first time she ever saw this..cat was that he now had two streaks going down his eyes, curving to his mouth.

"Rasp?" Nightpaw looked at Raspberrypaw, consern glowing in her eyes. "You..dazed out there for a moment." The black apprentice explained, as she nodded to the setting sun. "Lets get some shut-eye, ok?"

Raspberrypaw blinked, as she got up hesitently. She looked up, to see Nightpaw gazing at her, consern bright in her blue eyes.

"Are you sure your ok?" Nightpaw asked, a gentle tilt of her head to the side, and Raspberrypaw smiled. She would never admit this out loud. But, the tilt of her head, the thing Nightpaw seemed to always do was..kinda cute. She nodded, as she followed her friend to the

apprentice's den where Snowypaw just disappeared into.

As Raspberrypaw layed down. She felt Nightpaw's pelt brush hers as she layed beside Raspberrypaw. "Good-night, Nightpaw." She meowed, setting her head onto her paws.

Nightpaw yawned, placing her head just between her front paws. "Night, Rasp." Was all she heard before Nightpaw started to gently snore.

Closing her eyes, she soon fell asleep. Her eyes fluttering close one more time for that night...

16. Fadedpaw, MarbleClan A Blackout

Fadedpaw P.O.V

Fadedpaw shifted in his sleep. It was a lovely dream, he and Riverpaw catching mice in an open grassland. The small creatures nearly falling at their paws, completely dumb-founded of their home being found.

"Hey, i bet the whole Clan could eat with this!" Dream Riverpaw purred, his eyes wide. "Right?"

Fadedpaw gave a nod in his dream. The whole Clan *could* feed off this, even in the coming leaf-bares they had survived.. "Yeah, but.." Fadedpaw knew this wasn't real. And..Riverpaw in his dream was just that, a Riverpaw in his dream..yet with the kit-eyes he kept giving Fadedpaw the young tom couldn't help but smile. "Your right, Riverpaw." He found himself happy, with his words as Riverpaw smiled brightly.

Fadedpaw felt his fur bristle slightly, the dream world was fading..and he was waking up. Casting an glance at the dream Riverpaw, he sighed. Why did they have to..have to have such a useless life in MarbleClan? When in other lands, somewhere that if they wanted they could move to with more food then needed, shealter and warmth every night and day. Yet, it was only a dream..a very good dream but still. It wasn't real, and when he awoke..hunger, coldness, everything that he had blocked in his dream were going to come back.

*I'm ready to wake up..*Fadedpaw closed his eyes, when he opened them he was in the apprentices den..

Cut Sene

Fadedpaw crouched infront of Riverpaw. His eyes narrowing as Risingdawn gave a curt grunt.

"Now!"

At the she-cats command, Riverpaw leaped at Fadedpaw. Paws foreward as he tryed to catch Fadedpaw's ears.

Wincing as he felt the hard blow to his ears, he turned and batted at Riverpaw's hind legs as the gray paw fell. Not waiting for his oppoent to stand up. He leaped onto Riverpaw, hold his head down with a paw. The apprentice struggled under his hold, hissing as he tryed to brake loose from Fadedpaw's grip. But, nearly giving up Riverpaw stopped flailing and went still.

Trumpet shined in Fadedpaw's eyes. As he leaned to put his muzzle near Riverpaw's ears. "I win." He gave a short laugh, but was kicked by Riverpaw, being flung off.

He felt claws pinch his shoulders, as Riverpaw had his paws digging into Fadedpaw's shoulder, his teeth bared into a snarl. "I win!" Riverpaw gave a trumpet-filled yowl.

There was a snort by where their mentor's sat. Followed by a "Stop boasting about everything, and come here!" Which sounded to be Midnightrunner.

Fadedpaw rolled to his side. Getting to his feet, breathing heavily. "Good-" Taking another breath he gave a smile. "-fight."

Riverpaw nodded. His eyes glittering with pride as his paws kneaded the ground. "It was, and *I* finally won!" He meowed, then gave a sheepish look at Midnightrunner. "Oops."

Fadedpaw rolled his eyes. Coming to his friend's side. "You did win, fare and square." The older apprentice looked at the two she-cats. "What are we doing now?"

Risingdawn looked over each cat. Before meowing, "Hunting. I want you two to work together to get enough prey for the Clan."

Enough for the whole Clan? He felt his pelt prickle. It was leaffall, and to say hunger clawed everyone. And..did his mentor really think two..*runts*, couls hunt that much? He felt a pit form into his stomach, only to look up into the warmth filled eyes of Riverpaw.

Fadedpaw blinked, times like these he wished to just freeze time. And

stay looking into the watery, frosty blue eyes of Riverpaw. It was a safe haven, nothing could ever happen. Just to breath, and feel calm. Not battling, not looking over your shoulder to tray and catch something, not running for prey, not hunger or coldness.. Just the two blue orbs that stared back.

"Come on, lets go." Riverpaw meowed, blinking as he looked up. "Ok, well get enough for the..entire Clan."

Fadedpaw nodded, he had his best friend beside him. What could go wrong? What, *not* bring enough for an entire colonie of cats? They had it stalked with prey already, this was just so every cat could feed. So one or two fresh-ki sized off wrong couldn't go down as "bad".

But, as he looked at his mentor. Something pulled at his stomach, making him feel quesey. The she-cats eyes were narrowing, her teeth slightly bared as the two backed up. What scared him the most..well was her eyes. Just like him, Risingdawn had blue eyes. But..her eyes were changing, right before him! Yellow sinister eyes leaked into his mentor's gaze, reddnis dripped into the yellow. making a rim of red.

Then he felt the world spin. His chest tightened up as he stared having trouble breathing. Fadedpaw fell to his belly, his eyes starting to roll into his head. He felt paws poke his side, then heard the strill yowl of Riverpaw.

"Hes blacking out!" The young tom meowed, his muzzle pressing into Fadedpaw's side. "Hold on, Risingdawn will be back!"

R-Riverpaw..? Fadedpaw then felt nothing, a blackness enloomed around him. Clinging to him as he gasped for air, what was happening? He was use to black-outs...this was also caused differntly..He had blackout out of fear, out of what he saw, out of what he *knew* he saw.

Then, he couldn't remember a single thing after those last thoughts.

17. Riverpaw, MarbleClan Beside A Friend

Riverpaw P.O.V

Riverpaw crouched over Fadedpaw. His heart raced as his friend laid on the ground. He pressed his muzzle into Fadedpaw's side, how could this happen? He had saw something, a look of horror on the older cat's face... And he had seen something himself, the flash of yellow from Risingdawn's eyes. Which, was weird. She had blue eyes, not yellow.

Theres no time to think about that! Riverpaw wanted to kick himself, what in StarClan's name was he worring about Risingdawn's eye color? When, his friend laid on the cold earth twitching because he blacked out?

"Where here!" Risingdawn came to her apprentice's side, murmuring something softly into Fadedpaw's ears. The medicine cat crouched beside Fadedpaw, sighing.

"Get him to my den!" Heatherrock meowed, her pelt bristling. "Its just another black out, you ok Riverpaw?"

Riverpaw blinked, once he noticed that Heatherrock was speaking to him. "I'm fine, lets just get Fadedpaw back."

"Grumpy?" Midnightrunner came to her son's side. Her green gaze narrowing at her kit, "What is it? Fadedpaw passes out all the time, the runt will be fine."

Runt? Riverpaw looked away from his mother. How dare she call Fadedpaw a runt? "Hes not a runt!" He mumbled under his breath, if anything Fadedpaw was bigger then him. And he already was seven moons old!

Midnightrunner flinched, as if he had sliced at her nose with unsheshthed claws. "I know..he not a runt.." The deputy seemed lost for words, as she stared at her son.

Riverpaw felt hope flare in his chest. Did he really hear his mother

correctly? Good! I can finally get threw her head at somethings! And she listened! Riverpaw smiled warmly. "Ok, I just hope hes ok."

Midnightrunner nodded. A look of concern flashed in her green eyes. "Me too. Hes a good apprentice, small or not." She added, seeming not to care at the glare Riverpaw gave her.

As they got into camp, Riverpaw followed Heatherrock and Risingdawn, who helped carry her apprentice to the medicine cat's den. As they set the gray-and-white tom down. Riverpaw sat beside him, placing a paw gently onto Fadedpaw's shoulder.

Soon, the afternoon passed then as night settled over the mountain, Riverpaw lifted his head as Fadedpaw started to stir.

Riverpaw couldn't help the smile plastering to his face, as he gazed upon his friend still in an sleepy-haze. "Morning sunshine, or should i say night?"

Fadedpaw gave him a shut-up-before-I-make-you glare, as he stretched his stiff limbs. "Yeah, yeah." He grumbled, but smiled shortly after. "How long was I..asleep?"

Riverpaw shrugged. "Afternoon, then night..bout nine hours?" He didn't really now, nine hours was probably closest to the real time.

Fadedpaw's dark blue eyes narrowed softly. "Nine..?" The gray tom sighed heavily. "Of course, even longer than I use to as a kit!"

As a kit? Riverpaw glanced over his friend. If he didn't know better, he'd think Fadedpaw had..problems. "Nine hours, longest you..ever passed out?"

The older tom shook his head. "No, two days..when i was a really young kit." Fadedpaw explained, stopping to scent the air. "Did they make you hunt? After..I fainted?"

Riverpaw shrugged, the two mentors seemed to have all forgotten about him. And then, they stopped coming to see Fadedpaw, and.. "No, just let me stay with you." He meowed, his head slightly lowering. "But..the Clan gotten hungry, had to send another hunting patrol out. Should've of hunted?" He frowned, his mentor/mother

didn't tell him to hunt. So..he thought it was fine, but now as he looked back on it..

Fadedpaw gave Riverpaw's ear a quick lick. "No, Tigerstar would've handled it." He reassured Riverpaw, blinking. "But, did.. you ever speak to Risingdawn? Or..look at her before.." Fadedpaw sighed, closing his eyes as he seemed to think about what he was going to say next. "Never mind, lets get some sleep."

Sleep? Slightly surprised, he just nodded. How could Fadedpaw sleep after "sleeping" for nearly a whole day? But, did a cat black-out they not sleep? He wanted to ask, but before he could Fadedpaw was already sleeping.

Riverpaw curled beside his friend. He rested his head on Fadedpaw's shoulder, blinking as the night got blurry as he grew tired. Soon, his eyes fluttered closed as he fell asleep..

18. Side-Notes!

Ok, so i've decided.. Goreslash your vision of Pennywise and Mintpaw talking, is gonna happen. This ISN'T a real chapter or even part of the story, its just something i did out of bordon

Bordom Wrightings!! Mintpaw stood infront of the crow-food smelling creature. Her gaze falling upond the white tom, she only noticed that the yellow-red rimmed eyes were a frosty beatiful blue now unlike before.

"Hiya, Minty." The creature gave a toothy-smile. "Want ya boat back?"

Mintpaw gave a short breath. "A..*boat*?" She asked, what in StarClan's name was a "boat"?

Pennywise gave a startled look at Mintpaw. "Didn't you drop your boat..?"

Mintpaw felt confusion prickle threw her. "What in STARCLAN'S NAME IS A BOAT!?" Mintpaw bascily screeched at the white tom.

Pennywise blinked. "Nothing, ane whats..StarClan?" He asked.

Mintpaw narrowed her eyes. "Whats a boat?" She challenged.

Pennywise gave her a glare, before giving a fake smile adreesed with the qestion "Do ya want..*a balloon*?" He asked, a smile creeping onto his face.

Mintpaw blinked, *Has this tom breathed in something he shouldn't?* "Is..that a twoleg thing?" She asked, her gaze going to a rubbyer red thing that floated in the air, a string was attached to the end of the "balloon".

Pennywise gave an un-animal like growl. Before looking compelety dumb-founded. "Wait..a moment.." He blinked, as Mintpaw meowed.

"Go aways ROUGUE!"

"I'm in the wrong universe!" The creature gave Mintpaw a grin. "Well, time with ya cats have been fun..but well, Minty my *real* universe calls!" With that, the..thing disappeared into thin air.

Mintpaw blinked, looking around. What in StarClan's name did she just witness? "Nothing.." She decided..it was best to not talk about a deranged, weird tom whom most likely got the bitter end of a twoleg experiment.

With a shrug, the brown cat slipped into the ferns. Leaving behind a paper-shaped water-monster and the red "balloon" the cat had talked about.

So, hope ya enjoy, Once again, this ISN'T part of the story line, just something i wanted to do for the story! In honor to one of my readers!

19. Snowpaw, MeadowClan

Snowpaw P.O.V

Snowpaw faced the jupiter-berry bush. She gave a deep breath, it was the middle of leaf-fall, and she still wasn't close to becoming respected by her mentor.

She was part of MeadowClan, which wasn't really in a meadow. Which to her, was *really* stupid to call it something it wasn't even *close* to! They lived in a wet, moist forest that could've have added up to a river full of water!

Stupid cats! Snowpaw was usually timid, and kind. But for the past moon she had been aggravated and easily angered. Mostly by the older cats, they seemed to have gone completely mouse-brained in the past five or so moons.

Snowpaw leaned forward, biting a branch off the jupiter bush that had lots of berry's on it. *I hope Roseypaw is right, and that this can help Flintpaw's breathing.* The older coal-gray tom had been in a small fire, getting smoke into his lungs. Of course, the assistant helped as for her mentor seemed to also have gone mouse-brained like the leaders, deputy and warriors.

Only use apprentices, and kits act normal! Snowpaw sighed inwardly. What was happening, to make her so mad all the time? She once was a lively kit, happy and bouncing around like she had eaten all of the medicine cat's honey or sugary-herbs. She walked down the path, her fluffy tail lifted well over her head, the fluffy end seeming to touch her ears. Most said, that her tail was overly long, and fluffy. To a base, so was her fluffy, yet sleek pelt.

With the pelt, came a white base. Along with brown spots that fade into the white and dark blue eyes. Snowpaw was a lovely she-cat, by natural looks and kindness of personality. But, when she got mad she was very quiet about it, yet had a thing if losing her temper quicker than normal.

Snowpaw came into camp. The warriors did their jobs, hunting and

protrolling. While, yet they gotten lazyer. Fights, less and if so were uselsss and never even went past a few harsh words, if even calling someone a "mouse-heart" once or twice was pasted the *very* few "harsh" words.

Snowpaw padded into the medicine cat's den. She gave a short nod to Roseypaw, then blinked as she saw Mintpaw. *Hm..* "Hello, nice day?" She asked, her gaze following the pacing apprentice.

Mintpaw gave a curt nod. "Sure, yeah." The brown she-cat was still pacing. Never stopping to even look at Snowpaw.

"I got jupiter berrys, just like you asked." Snowpaw meowed, dropping the berry-branch where Roseypaw kept the herbs. "When will you earn your full medicine cat name, soon i hope?"

Roseypaw shrugged. "I guess, it really doesn't matter. Just a name-" Roseypaw paused, sighing. "I mean, most cats come to me anyhow. So why does it matter?"

Snowpaw felt her tail bristle slightly. "But it *does* matter!" She exclaimed, didn't it?

Mintpaw stopped pacing. "It does, I agree. Rosey, what happens when you start to have the *full* job? And your mentor decieds being stupidly not to give you your full name?" Mintpaw growled. "I think we should speak with Jupiterspring, or *I* will."

Snowpaw nodded. She thought that Roseypaw was suppose to have her name by now, being nearly 12 moons old and six moons past training. "I agree, but sadly i have to check the scent line at the old border." Snowpaw meowed, the old border was were a Clan lived long ago, they had disappered without a trace, leaving the other three Clans speachless.

Mintpaw gave a curt nod. "Ok, i'll go with you. I need..well to get out the camp for awhile anyhow." The brown apprentice came to Snowpaw's side. "Lets go. See you later Roseypaw!"

Snowpaw stopped by the entrance. She sighed, breathing in one last time of the herb scents before walking out into the wet, moist forest

of MeadowClan's territory.

20. Owlpaw, MarbleClan Like A Sister

Sundance's character is in honor of my Uncle Dawn's dog, my Uncle died nearly a year ago or less and his dog passed only a few moons after. So, hope ya enjoy..

Owlpaw P.O.V

Owlpaw stalked forward, she placed on her paws softly, not making a sound as she drew close to the raven. With a drooling mouth, hunger sinking in her belly. She could just imagion the tast of the black-feathered prey.

The wind was favering her, it was low and blew at her. The bird, unaware of any danger kept eating at a jupiter-bush.

Not yet..not yet..NOW! Owlpaw leaped, her long back legs were powerful, helping her leap and keep a strong hold over her pace. And, it helped hunt. She unsheathed her paws, catching the scrawing bird in mid-flight. Rolling she hugged the raven close to her chest as she fell back, till she pulled the prey close to her muzzle, snapping at its throat. In two quick bites, the raven was dead in her paws.

"I thought we didn't hug our food." Sundance meowed, nudging Owlpaw up.

Lashing her long, white tail she gave a short growl. "I wasn't *hugging* my prey, I just caught it like this." She explained, only to find amusment in Sundance's amber eyes.

Her mentor nodded, giving a faint smile. "I know, is that enough for our share of the Clan's food-supplie?" He asked, sniffing at the pile of fresh-kill.

Owlpaw sighed, frowning at the pitiful pile of prey. She didn't think it was, but she was hungry, cold and..judt plain out worn by the day's hunt. "I guess." She gave a long, tired filled sigh. "But, I feel.."

Sundance nodded, he didn't need her to tell him. He was understanding, and always lisioned, even without having to actuily

hear her speak. "I know, dear. But we hunt, fight and patrol for our Clan. And, well that's just all we can do." He gave her ear a lick. "Just gather what you got, the Clan will be happy."

Owlpaw watched as Sundance slipped away, going to get his catches. During the brown she-cat sniffed at the raven. It was scrawny too, just like the cats. *Leafbare is harsh on us*. Picking up the raven, she also got whatever she had caught earlier and began walking toward camp.

Cut

Owlpaw licked her muzzle, running a paw over her ears as rain pelted down. It has been stormy, dark clouds rolling over the mountain. But, today the clouds gave out whatever they had stored and now it poured.

Owlpaw was just glad it wasn't snowing. She shivered, in the mountain's up higher, it was worst. Prey ran down-hill, to get away from the cold tops where MarbleClan lived. Owlpaw eyed any cat with long-furred pelts. She, unluckily had a more short pelt that was made for wood-lands. Not the cold tops of a marble-made mountain.

Owlpaw looked up, Riverpaw and Fadedpaw were walking into camp. Carrying a rabbit, a few voles. She blinked, slowly realizing that the two *runts* of the Clan had went to hunt in a storm. Owlpaw felt irritation prick her pelt, why did they hunt? Did Midnightrunner tell them to? *No, even the deputy wouldn't want her son out there in this weather.*

Getting to her paws, she walked to where the fresh-kill pile was, underneath a small ledge where if it did rain, like now, it wouldn't get wet. "What are you two doing?" She demanded, her dark blue gaze raking to both cats. "Well?"

Riverpaw shrugged. "Hunting, and it paid off!" He nudged a rabbit into the fresh-kill. "Want something to eat? I'm sur-"

Owlpaw turned around, lashing her white tail she walked along the edge, not wanting to get wet. What made that mouse-brained tom think that he could offer *her* prey? She already ate, and to be fair, the

whole Clan should eat. Not her re-taking prey because two mouse-brained, idiots went hunting! Owlpaw laid in her nest, her tailtip twitching as she watched the rain fall.

Fadedpaw soon came into the den. He only glanced at her, but when she returned the look, mostly glaring at him, he looked away. "Owlpaw?"

Blinking, she looked up and into the gloom. "What is it?" She sighed, her tail curling to her belly. What in StarClan's name did this-

She noticed that Fadedpaw was still looking at her, his blue gaze watchful yet..curious?

"What happened, you..me we were friends." Fadedpaw meowed, sadness creeping into his voice. "Then, you.."

Owlpaw lashed her tail, falling her large ears. "*Then*, I wanted to leave my kithood behind and focus on my training, and thats what I did, thats what I *am* doing." Owlpaw growled, laying her head onto her paws. Owlpaw flicked her tail, feeling her tail brush her face. "Why does it matter, you got Riverpaw now anyhow."

Fadedpaw blinked, paddling to her side. He pressed his muzzle agisnt her cheek. "Riverpaw is a dear friend, but you'll always be like a sister, Owlpaw." He meowed, curling beside her. "Mind if i stay here tonight?" He asked.

Owlpaw gave a nod, *like a sister?* She was an only kit, never much on having more then one cat around her. But, she had to admit having someone to lean on, helped when she was nurves or scared. "I don't mind, not for tonight anyways."

Owlpaw curled up, warmed by Fadedpaw whom slept silently beside her. She closed her blue eyes, smiling as she drifted into a peaceful slumber.

21. Riverpaw, MarbleClan A River's Friend

Riverpaw, P.O.V

Riverpaw flinched as he watched the rocks tumble down the mountain. It was early, a misty morning of patrolling the territory and seeing if any signs of prey or life was beyond the bottom of the mountain's wake.

He always seen himself as a good hunter, loyal and trustworthy. But, when he walked into the den yesterday, he couldn't help but feel a twing of jealousy when he found Owl paw and Faded paw sharing a nest for the night. *Why should i care?* He kept asking himself that, until he finally had fallen asleep. By morning, he and Owl paw had to go on this morning-check up of the territory.

Riverpaw studied the she-cat, she was only a moon or so older than he. She had a more sleek, MeadowClan-like pelt. Her pelt, the color of dark earth, soil of earth's crust. She had a unusually long, white tail, and black round her dark, blue eyes. Even smaller black dots surround the blackness of her eyes, making a mask-like look to the she-cat. Owl paw was a strong runner, and hunter. With long legs, even longer legs in the back and large, *overly* large ears. Which, made him think that she looked like a bat, ones that fly from MeadowClan's dark forest.

"Hey, going to daydream all day? Or actually help watch out?" Owl paw meowed, glaring at him with dark blue orbs.

Riverpaw's watery gaze fell. "I-I am helping!" He claimed, looking at the soil-colored she-cat. "Just..thinking."

Owl paw snorted. "Ok, well while you *think* all day. The *real* warriors will help our Clanmates." Owl paw walked away, sniffing and scratching at a loose patch of peaty soil.

Sighing, the gray-and-white tom walked to where his mother was digging up roots from the grasses. "Can I help?" He asked, he had seen his mother digging up old and brittle grasses and plants before, so why not try and do it himself?

Midnightrunner stepped back. "Fine, remember to not get new roots, we only want to keep out the old ones for new life." The black she-cat explained, walking away to take over what Sundance was doing.

Riverpaw unsheathed his claws, scooping out dirt with cupped paws. Soon, he felt the soil loosen up as he started terring out roots. "Hey-" Riverpaw gave a startled yowl as dirt dropped onto his head. Shaking his pelt, he gave a hiss, he was all dirty now! He could feel dirt in his pelt, irritation his skin.

Owlpaw came to his side, eyeing the roots. "Need to fill it up, I stopped you from killing that one nut-tree." Owlpaw mewed, her ears flicking in usion.

Riverpaw wanted to yowl how stupid that was, he knew how to clear roots. He'd done it before! But, he looked to his right, feeling his ears burn with embaressment as he saw the large nut-tree, the only one that was around here. He glanced into the dirt, where roots were tangled and some scratched up from the soil. There was a larger root, one thst twisted right from, the nut-tree. *Mouse-brain!* Riverpaw scolded himself, one of Fadedpaw's old nursery friends and he messed up! Now, she'll think he was still a mouse-brained kit that was mentored by his mother because not body else wanted to.

Owlpaw shrugged, seeming to read his thoughts as she gave a soft mew. "Don't worry, everyone messes up."

Relaxing, Riverpaw sighed. "But, I almost messed up *very* badly. The nut-tree is life to us, not only can we sometimes eat from it. But, well prey eats from here! Its a main hunting area that helps us at most times." He growl softly, irritation at himself, *mad* that if Owlpaw didn't stop him he would've helped in starving his Clanmates!

Owlpaw seemed to not care, helping him to burie the roots back under paws of dirt. "There, now its fine." She waved her tail, resting the white tailtip onto his shoulder. "I bet Sundance and Midnightrunner will be happy, we finished this job."

Riverpaw nodded, suddenly relaxed next to the firey she-cat. Walking to where Sundance was finishing packing dirt over an patch of dieing dirt, and Midnightrunner walking back with a few mice in her maw.

"Hey, is that for us?" He asked, he could eat a whole horse!

Midnightrunner nodded, "When we get back, yes." The deputy's meow was muffled by the mice's fur.

Riverpaw started walking back, his head swinging around to gaze at the moutian's side. The sky was clear, blueness with a few fuzziness of white. The forest was under-foot of the moutian, with the rocky edges of MarbleClan's homeland.

"Enjoying the senery?" Riverpaw blinked, looking up with a smile.

"Fadedpaw!" Riverpaw raced over to his friend, playfully head-butting Fadedpaw's shoulder. "Owlpaw, want to share prey?" He asked, stepping to stopped the soil-colored apprentice before she slipped off into the darkness, where none of them wouldn't of been able to find her.

Owlpaw seemed surprised, her ears twitching. "Sure, i'll follow."

Riverpaw nodded, pleased to see that they had another cat..well really to speak to, if nothing less. A nother friend in there Clan, another cat whom may not call him or Fadedpaw a "runt".

Soon, bellys full the three layed in their nest. Side-by-side, he gave a soft purr. "Night, yall." He meowed, giving his paw a lick, cleaning his face off.

Owlpaw was already softly snoring, her white tail curled over her nose as Fadedpaw blinked sleepily at the silverpelt-filled sky.

"Night, Riverpaw." Fadedpaw meowed, yawning as he rested his head onto his paws.

Riverpaw curled beside his friend. Resting his head onto Fadedpaw's back as he blinked, suddenly drowsily, his eyes closing as the night swept over him.

22. It's POV, A New Meal

It P.O.V

It stalked the grounds. Growling as he snarled at the cat-stench that he followed. Why did he have to settle for *cats*? They were hairy, and left a bad tast in his mouth. Children, humans were better tasting, something that he remembers from earlyer times. Those pesty children, they drove it from it's home, its main food sorce.

It stiffened, blinking in it's new cat-like body. He had chosen this form, of a white tom-cat because of his clown-like form had a white suit. And, well keeping a blood-red lines down his face to keep that alive for it to remember, to remember that it should go back one day into the human world.

"Flintpaw! Your suppose to keep your head down, and wait for your-" A she-cats voice yowled over the dense forest.

Ears prickled, It stalked around the bracken, almost growling out-loud as a fern slapped back into his face. It kept walking, till It stopped in the mossy shadows, letting them emloom around It. He watched a coal-gray tom crouch, then leap at an older, more redder she-cat. *Training*. It had studied the cats, seeing they trained their young to fight, hunt, protrol-and the most prudide thing *It* thought-how to care for *everyone* in thier Clan.

The she-cat flipped the young tom over, raking her paw across his unguarded belly. But, lucky for the apprentice she had her claws sheathed. "This is good for the day, go and catch something to eat." She ordered, as the red cat walked away.

Flintpaw nodded, his sides heaving as he looked around.

It narrowed It's eyes, a grin spreading onto his maw. This was it's chance, It slapped a paw down, curling the bloody claws up with a water vole in his paw. *Good*. It walked out into the open, smiling as it turned it's eyes a beautiful shade of blue.

"Hello, Flintpaw." It greeted. Tipping it's head sideways, "Want a

vole? Something..to eat?" Hunger rumbled in it's own belly. But, he would wait and play the role of "nice cat" too get it's prey.

The tom stepped back. Most likely intimidated from It's size and the dried blood on it's pelt. "W-who are you?"

It smiled, grinning as it slipped to the coal-gray tom's side. "Well, i'm Pennywise. A..meer loner 'round here!" It meowed, blinking it's blue eyes. "Know, do you want that vole? Nice, juicy prey.. warm blood.." Drool dripped from it's maw. As It closed closer to the apprentice, one quick snap of the cat's neck..

Flintpaw stepped back, "I can't eat before the elders or queens!" He declared but still eyed the vole hungrily.

It pushed the vole to the tom. He also eyed the prey, or what will be *it's* prey-the apprentice. "Come on, i bet those old cats and queens can eat whatever is in camp!" He gave a gruff "purr", if what it sounded like a purr could be.

Flintpaw bent over, biting into the vole. Soon, It gazed at the cat, licking his muzzle. *Soon*..It blinked, once, twice. Then it leaped, biting into the cat's neck. It snarled, dragging its claws threw the apprentice's side. It gave a short laugh, filled with cruelty as he walked towards it's next meal.

"S-stop!" Flintpaw dragged himself away, kicking as It bit into his leg. "Help!" Blood trickled out of Flintpaw's mouth.

It dragged the apprentice back, its blue eyes flashing into a yellow and red-rimmed glare. "Flintpaw! Flintpaw!" It growled, shifting into a she-cats voice, a voice it knew. *Minty's!* He chuckled sharply, smiling. "Got a little crush on her? Feelings can end in death, Flintpaw~!"

Flintpaw got onto his paws. Limping away as he looked back, he stopped confusion flashing in his eyes. "Mintpaw?"

Flintpaw stared at Mintpaw, the brown she-cat with minty green eyes looking softly at him. She blinked, smiling. "Flintpaw! Come on, lets hunt!"

Flintpaw quivered where he stood. The she-cat he loved, or at least *felt* like he loved. But, *Mintpaw..how?* "Is that really you?"

Mintpaw nodded, paddling to his side. "Of corse it is!" She meowed, cocking her head blinking her bright green eyes. "Flintpaw, whats wrong?" The she-cat's voice got deeper, more low as she drew closer. Her minty green eyes flashing into a sinister yellow. "Arn't I what you wanted? To run off into the sunset, like the tall tales that elders told of those old love storys?"

Flintpaw screeched as Mintpaw leaped at him, rows of razor sharp teep dug into his neck. Blood gushed from the wound, causing the tom to stumble back. Fear rattled threw him, was he going to die from the vision of the cat he loved?

But, he saw that the thing that mimiked Mintpaw was now back into it's owm body. Looking at him with sinister yellow flashing eyes. "Night, night Flintpaw." Then, he felt teeth plung into his neck. He gasped, his eyes fluttering as they rolled into the back of his head. His last breaths, were of fear and pain.

23. Wishpaw, Now Are you Scared Of Me?

Thank so much! And, really i'll accept characters cuz, why not? And Wishpaw..i see a very nice story brewing up already, so don't worry about her not getting the rightful title she deserves deary! ~ Crimsonapple

Wishpaw P.O.V

Wishpaw shifted in her nest. It was late, the sun failing to shine threw the murky forest of MeadowClan. She smiled weakly, Wishpaw always found it weird that the murky, wet forest that her Clan lives in, was called after something so beautiful and full of life and wildflowers. She, of corse always wanted to see one.

Wishpaw rolled to her side, blinking. Who wouldn't want to see the rolling grassy green feilds? Wildflowers of all colors, yellow, blue, pink and whites dotting the beautiful feilds...

"Wishpaw!" Roseypaw walked up to her, the softness in the medicine cat assistant's eyes was unmistakable and made her more comaferable around the herb-scented cat. "Eat these, it'll help with that bad cough."

The herbs were a yellow flower. She took the flowers, and started to chew. She flinched at the sour, bitter tast. But swallowed smiling weakly. "Ok, I ate it all." She meowed, blinking at the assistant.

Wishpaw got into her gray-blue paws. Flicking her fluffy silver tail. "I'm going for a walk, just 'round the terriory."

The fluffy she-cat slipped out the den. Walking past Mintpaw, whom paced around the fresh-kill, Wishpaw felt a twig guilt. Flintpaw went missing, after training with Redcherry nearly two days ago. Most cats were afriad to go out alone, which Wishpaw didn't really feel frightened to go out. A nice walk was all she was doing, so why did she still feel the prickle of fear that she tried to hide the day they found Flintpaw's mangled corsp?

Wishpaw sighed, mangled corsp. Poor Flintpaw, all he was doing was

trying to hunt. They found the scent of a vole, near him. But, never found it. Most likely whatever..ate Flintpaw took that too.

Feeling wobbly on her paws. Wishpaw sat down, blinking emptyily at the forest. She loved her Clan, and the Clanmates and their territory. The wettness gave them no thirst, hunger, maybe, but they could always settle to eat bats that never stop coming out. The air was moist, like always. It always calmed her to be able to just breath, and have a wet nose from the moister. Water. Wishpaw got to her paws, her throat felt tight, thirst crumbling at her windpipe.

Wishpaw quickly found a tree with moss hanging, dripping water down. She stood onto her hind paws, both of her front's onto the tree just beside the moss. She lapped up as much water as she could, licking the dewdrops on her muzzle.

"Help!" A raspy voice muffled behind her. Fur bristling, she twisted falling onto all four's. "Please, I'm lost."

Lost? Wishpaw pulled her tail to her side. Blinking at a cat infront of her, she studied the cat, a large tom. White pelt that was ragged and gnotted. Wishpaw noticed that a few patched of fur was missing, and his pelt was wet to the bone, like he sat in water for hours. But why?

The tom stumbled forward, nearly doppling over his own paws. Clumbesy.

Wishpaw got to his side, her tail gentle placed onto the loner's shoulder as shs guided him to a dryer spot. "Your weak, and obvisously can't even walk on your own four paws!" She meowed, watching the cat lay down.

Blue orbs flashed to her, a pleading look in the lovely shade of blue. "Hunger, hunger." He rasped loudly, but seemed to flinch away from her when she tryed to comfort him.

Wishpaw blinked, what was this cat playing? She wanted to help, she really did.. "Please, let me help." She meowed, almost a note of pleading in her own voice. She hated to not be able to help, or do something. Thats why most cats thought she should've been a medicine cat. "I'll get prey, just..stay silent. My Clanmates cannot

know that I fed a stranger."

The silverly she-cat raced away, leaping onto a log as she sniffed around. She has gotten suited to hunting in wetness, scenting past the water in the forest to find the real smells of prey. Wishpaw moved a slight whisker, as she heard rustling she spotted a bat, just landing after a night's hunt. Easy prey!

Wishpaw kept walking, these bats didn't wake up to cats walking around. She didn't need to stalk this one, just need to worry not actually waking it before she could kill it. Walking, she looked up, it was resting in the crook of a limb, she unsheathed her claws. Starting to climb up, she slipped onto the branch, thankful that it was a thick branch, not one that wobbled under her weight. She crouched, twisting her paw to hit the bat. She heard a small squeak as the bat fell onto the earth, twitching.

Wishpaw picked up her catch. Walking swiftly over the log, and straight to the loner. "Here, its not that good tasting..but it'll do." She mewed, dropping the winged prey at the white paws.

The tom hissed, snatching the bat up as he quickly ate. Ate like an half-starved badger! Wishpaw stepped back, hunger flashed in the tom's eyes. I can't keep feeding him! She had her own Clan to think about.

The tom looked up. A snarl on his maw, "Why are you helping me?" He snapped, leaning forward to look at her more closely. His eyes flashed, cocking his head he nodded slowly, more to himself. "You don't want to help, you just feel sorry for me." He scoffed, shaking his head in disgust.

Disgust? Wishpaw was taken back, she helped him didn't she? Her heart started to pound. She helped! She tried! Wasn't that enough? "I-I tried, sir. I really did, its just..my Clan will be mad if they found i was feeding a mere loner." She explained, wincing as the tom just stared at her, his blue eyes narrowing.

The tom looked away, hissing as he clawed up moss. "Kindness." He spat, "You don't even know who, or what I am and you helped me. Out of kindness."

Wishpaw was confushed. Of corse she helped, the Clans were made because they didn't want to be like loners or rouges. "If I didn't help, then you could've died, or worst. Suffered before death!" Wishpaw found it hard to even try and reason with her why she had to help. She just..had to!

The cat blinked, standing up he growled. Eyes flashing, he walked towards Wishpaw. "Look at me, tell me you how you don't fear me?" He growled, the tom's blue eyes began to melt away, yellow replaced the once beautiful blue shades. Red rimmed the eyes, twisting into the yellow as they glowed narrowing into slits at the apprentice.

"Now are you scared of me?"

Soooo, i hope ya like Cliffhangers!! ;) Srry, but... you'll see soon what happened!!

24. Mintpaw, MeadowClan Being Watched

So, I decided it was time to change my user name! So, Crimsonapple Of MarbleClan is now my user name! Yay.

Mintpaw P.O.V

Mintpaw sat beside Roseypaw. She shifted her paws, her gaze shifting ever so slightly. It was time of the Gatherings, and *finally* she was able to go again. She just hoped that Nightpaw and Raspberrypaw were there.

Nightmares. That *thing* hunted her dreams, keeping her on her paws. She always felt stressed, and always had to double-check behind her back more than once.

"Come on, loosen up!" Roseypaw meowed, nudging Mintpaw's shoulder. "Its time to meet new cats, and relax under StarClan's watchful eyes."

Watchful? Mintpaw hardly belived that StarClan was watching. If so many cats died, fallen prey to the monster that lurked in the darkness, then wouldn't those "watchful eyes" try and keep them safe?

There was a russtling, before Flowerstar came walking out. "Lets go, orderly fashioned!"

Mintpaw fell behind Roseypaw. She padded threw the muck of mud, and mostly ferns and bracken that were flatten by the paw-steps of their Clanmates.

She slipped by her Clanmates, paddling to where she, Nightpaw and Raspberrypaw agreeded to meet. She sat down, blinking at the cats. *Where are they?* BoneClan wasn't here yet, but then there was a russtling then the BoneClan cats rushed in.

First, the cats were just going to one spot. Then she spotted three cats walking towards her. "Nightpaw!" Mintpaw meowed, then gave a curt nod to Raspberrypaw. "Raspberrypaw, hows your night going?"

A white she-cat followed, she was fluffy and blue-eyed like Nightpaw. "Whos this?" The she-cat asked, looking ay Nightpaw.

"This is Mintpaw, Mintpaw, Snowypaw. She..has seen the same thing as us three, Snowypaw." Nightpaw explained, looking at Mintpaw. "And, well Snowypaw is my sister. She..has seen the same creature..*thing* as us have."

Mintpaw looked over Snowypaw. "Hmm..." She nodded, "The more that knows, and can fight back. The better."

Raspberrypaw gave a short nod. "Your right, Mintpaw hows things in..MeadowClan?"

Mintpaw sat down, thinking. "Well, I've hadn't slept much if i do..its nightmares of that *thing*." She meowed, "But unless dreams count of seeing it, then I've hadn't had a glance of it this moon."

Nightpaw gave a flick of her ear. "Well, after we all seen it a moon or so ago..we haven't either. Think it moved on?"

I dout it. Mintpaw looked over at Nightpaw, then to her sister. "Yes, but I hardly dout it. Unless it moved to attack MarbleClan.." Mintpaw meowed, looking at the MarbleClan cats. She couldn't imagion that this would happen, but..*Can't it be good that it moved onto MarbleClan?*

Mintpaw flinched as she felt a nudge on her shoulder. "What?" She meowed, turning to look at Raspberrypaw.

The crimson drizzled she-cat gave a curt answer. "Gathering began." Before turning to sit beside Nightpaw. Mintpaw observed how Raspberrypaw leaned agisant Nightpaw, how the two she-cats seemed comfutable beside each other.

She turned her gaze to Snowypaw. Whom glared at Raspberrypaw and her sister. *Jelous? But she always seemed to glare at Raspberrypaw..*

"MeadowClan is fine, we have grown and also are expecting Roseypaw to get her full medicine cat name soon." Flowerstar meowed, her yellow eyes narrowing at the cats. "But, sadly one of our apprentices have been called missing." Flowerstar gave an ragged breath. "Flintpaw was found dead, his hind legs missing, rib cage

eaten out and.." She blinked, swallowing. "Face also missing, eaten to the bone. We have suspected that a badger, fox or even dogs are around..again."

Badger, fox? Dogs? Mintpaw hissed softly, but what also angered her mostly, was that they found Flintpaw's dead body a moon and half ago. Didn't the apprentice deserve his death to be told at the Gathering at the *moon* of his death?

"Didn't you say that it hasn't been in your territory for a moon?" Snowypaw meowed, looking at her.

Mintpaw's mint-green orbs narrowed at Snowypaw. "I did, Flintpaw died nearly almost two moons ago, Flowerstar didn't say that she didn't tell the other Clans last moon." She growled, "I don't need to lie, were all helping here."

Nightpaw nodded. "No one ever said you lied, Snowypaw was just curious."

Curious? Mintpaw nodded, but still gave Snowypaw a sharp glare. "I know, but I wanted to point out that I wasn't lying." She meowed, looking up at the leaders. "Lets just watch the Gathering."

Mintpaw watched the leaders. Flowerstar seemed agervaded, nerves. Tigerstar kept her head down, her gaze flashing around. And Hickorystar was coolly looking around his gaze calm as he gazed at the gathered cats.

One thing still prickled at her pelt. Making her bristly ever so slightly, her ears prickled and twitching. The two yellow-red eyes that watched them, that were peering from the trees.

The feeling of being watched.

25. Raspberrypaw, BoneClan The Two Clouds

Raspberrypaw P.O.V

The crimson she-cat stared at Nightpaw, mouth open as she blinked. It was dark, the moon was only as thin as a kit's dew claw. The stars weren't many, only brightest shining. "Are you crazy?" She hissed, anger bubbling in her voice. "Go *hunting* that..that *thing*?"

Nightpaw gave her a sad look. Her dark blue eyes washing over Raspberrypaw's face. "Don't worry, if we can band together with Mintpaw.."

"With *Mintpaw*?" She growled, "How? No- better question. *Why*?" Raspberrypaw leaned forward, nuzzling Nightpaw's cheek. "I can't loose you, not to that thing!" Her voice cracked, she hated it when she did this. But this was her best friend, the only cat she's ever gotten close to. And she couldn't bare to loose Nightpaw, no. She *couldn't* loose Nightpaw.

The black she-cat seemed surprised by the sudden affection, but soon rested her head onto Raspberrypaw's shoulder. "You won't, if I don't have your support on this, then I won't do it." Nightpaw reassured her. Smiling, "Anyways, if i die, then whos going to watch you?" She purred, getting to her paws.

"Watch me? *No, I got to watch over you.*" Raspberrypaw meowed, tilting her head. A small frown appering on her maw, "But i'm serise, no monster hunting. Defently alone."

Nightpaw nodded, "Fine, lets just get some sleep." The midnight-black she-cat curled up in their nest. Raspberrypaw curled beside her friend. They had found comfort in sharing a nest, to keep nightmares and anything that went bump in the night away. They had to answer some questioning from Gilledpaw and a few cats, since usually only mates shared a nest. But, Raspberrypaw had always been accounted as "weird" and "never understandable". So, that just how it went along with the two apprentices sharing a single nest.

Raspberrypaw flicked her ear. "Night." She mewed, yawning as she

suddenly felt tired.

Nightpaw seemed just as tired, blinking drowsily as she meowed softly. "Night, Rasp..." Soon, Raspberrypaw fell asleep to the sound of Nightpaw's soft snoring.

Cut

The crimson apprentice stalked her prey, eyeing the mouse that nibbled on a grass seed, most likely from last greenleaf. She kept her breathing shallow, for she just ran after playing Try-To-Not-Be-Found, where apprentices had to hide like if another Clan invaded.

She narrowed her eyes, her paws lightly touching the forest floor. Then she leaped, her claws outstretched as she landed onto the mouse. Biting down, she heard bones braking then the mouse went limp. Picking up her catch, she padded back to her catches of the day.

The sun was warm, for leafbare that is. And it shined brightly on her pelt as she walked home, her jaws full of prey. She had thought that the warm air was a good time to hunt, seeing prey would be out trying to get some warmth before the coldness was back. And, so it seemed she was right. She proudly dropped her catches onto the fresh-kill pile. Looking around to see that most of the Clan was here, not doing anything but suning themselves. *Lazy mouse-brains!* Raspberrypaw lashed her tail, what right did they have to be lazy? When hunting was at its best and they could stalk up on food?

She turned, ready to snap at Gilledpaw whom sat grooming his pelt like always when he looked up a smile on his face. "Hi, been hunting?" He asked, peering at the prey pile. "I just got off my first assestment, soon i'll have my warrior name!"

Raspberrypaw narrowed her eyes. She almost forgot, that Gilledpaw was older then her. Having been so close to the time when they would have new warriors. She looked around, where was Gilledpaw's pesky sister? "Lakepaw still training?"

The silver tom frowned. "Lakepaw is cooling down, after a outburst of yelling at her mentor." Gilledpaw meowed, hesitently adding. "Shes

been more moody, saying that she keeps scenting something around when none of us can't." He rolled his eyes, "Just wanting attention like always."

Scents? Raspberrypaw growled. "Its that-" She paused, "-loner, again hes stalking around our lands!" She huffed, then a thought hit her. *Lakepaw, shes might be the next vitiom!* "Where is your sister?" She asked, her eyes narrowing.

Gilledpaw shrugged. "Like I know?" He meowed, flicking his tail dismissively. "Not that it matters, probily huffing about no one believing her," He snorted, "like we should ever!"

Raspberrypaw got to her paws. Anger blurring her gaze. "Watch what you say, you could never see Lakepaw again. Then what?" She didn't wait for the tom's answer. Only stalking away, lashing her tail as she went seraching for Nightpaw.

Cut

Raspberrypaw gave her chest fur another lick. She glanced around, her ears prickled as she waited. It was nearly noon, and the thought of It back into her territory frightened her to be truthful. Thoughts of what could go wrong, what *will* go wrong buzzed in her mind. Making blood rush in her ears, her head throbbing from all the worrie.

She nearly jumped out her skin when Nightpaw came up to her, the dark blue eyes narrowed in worrie. "Whats wrong?" Nightpaw meowed, resting beside Raspberrypaw.

The crimson she-cat relaxed a little beside her friend. Sighing inwardly as she gazed across the clearing. "Its back, Gilledpaw said that Lakepaw kept smelling something, an cat's scent that no-one else did." She explained, giving an self-conises glance at Nightpaw.

The onyx she-cat blinked at Raspberrypaw. Her blue eyes unreadable as she meowed slowly. "Well.." Nightpaw closed her eyes, letting her ears fall back. "Its not right, I mean..why *us*?" She asked, her voice carring into a whine.

Raspberrypaw couldn't help but wince as she heard the hint of the whiney tone of a kit. But, she held back an growl. This was her friend, it was ok for Nightpaw to be upset. *I mean, we have a kit-eater in our territorys.* "Nightpaw." She said sternly, "This is our problem, like it or not."

Nightpaw froze under the intense stare. Her gaze slipping to her paws, "Sorry, I know you hate whiners." She mumbled softly, kicking away a pebble with her forepaw.

Raspberrypaw blinked, her amber eyes softing. She leaned forward, licking Nightpaw's cheek. "Don't worry, we have each other. Anyways, we deserve to ask questions.." She took a deep breath in, her gaze flashing to the elders den. "And I think I know whom will answer them."

Nightpaw looked up, intress flashing in her blue eyes. "Who?"

There was a silence that loomed over the two. Before Raspberrypaw gave a soft hiss, her eyes narrowed into slits.

"Softcloud and Shycloud."

26. Nightpaw, BoneClan, Answers

Soo, just wanted to say this; I haven't posted alot sence I was reading an Supernatural fanfic, and *OMG* I died, ok, i'm not for the whom "ship everyone" deal, but..Destiel and Sabriel! Or , DeanCastiel and SamGabriel.. so yeah, enjoy de story!

Also, just made a new story. Called..Warriors Of The Supernatural! Guess what its about-Supernatural and..Warriors! Cuz, I suck at writing human fics, only animal related ones i seem slightly good at. So, dearly pleass check that out!

Nightpaw P.O.V

Nightpaw blinked. "Softcloud and Shycloud?" She asked, blinking in confushion. Why did they need to speak to the elders? For once, she was doubting what Rasp was thinking, (which to be clear, *never* happened before).

The crimson she-cat narrowed her eyes detirmedly. Sighing, Nightpaw knew that her dear friend wouldn't let this down. "Yes, they *knew* about this..thing coming. As a kit, they told me a story that terrirized me..and well, it *all* adds up now!" She mewed, amber eyes narrowing at Nightpaw. "Your not backing out, are you?" worry flashed in the amber orbs.

Nightpaw shook her head. Leaning forward to give Rasp's cheek a small lick. "No, i'll follow with you." She meowed, looking at the elders den. *What did Softcloud and Shycloud know?* She never really spoke to the two sisters, always finding they sufficated kits with hugs and sloppy licks, (which, she *didn't* like, always finding grooming herself was better).

Rasp's eyes shined, "Great!" She purred, before seeming to shrink. "I-I haven't really spoke to them after that time. What if they don't tell us anything, or..are mad at me?"

Nightpaw was suddenly prickled with unease. Never had she seen Rasp in an situation where she was shrinked back, scared of might or could happen. She new the she-cat was head-strong, always detirmed

on her ideas. And, for her to now worry. Well, lets just say it didn't settle rightly in the oxyn's head.

"They won't be, there your grandmother's sisters, and been more of grandmothers to you." She purred softly, laying her tail gently onto Raspberrypaw's shoulder. "Com'on, before I chance my mind."

Rasp's ears prickled at that. She quickly started walking towards the elders den, keeping a watchful eye on the shadow in the den. Nightpaw could smell the slight tinge of fear-scent off of Rasp, but as they drew near she leaned closer to her friend.

"Don't worry, i'm right here." Blue and amber orbs met, for a few seconds. The air seemed to stop, the stars dimming as she stared into hope filled eyes.

Then, Rasp looked away. Taking a deep breath, that seemed to rattle her body she walked into the den.

Nightpaw felt the air thicken. As they made their way in the thickened, dark den. She stayed close to Rasp, not feeling like having her head bitten off by a cranky elder. She suddenly bumped into Rasp, scowling as she earned a glare from the she-cat. "Why'd we stop moving?" She asked, her gaze narrowing at the ground. The elders den was the biggest, for many cats loved to retire in an open-well spaced area for relaxing.

Rasp flicked her ear, before pawing at an very dim out-line of an cat. "Shycloud!" She hissed, her paws shaking the elder awake. "Shycloud!"

The fuzzy white elder rolled onto her side. Yawning lazyily as she sat up, but Nightpaw could see the old cat's eyes lighten as she spotted Rasp. "Raspberrypaw?" A pair of two differnt colored eyes glowed, both she-cats looking at their great-niece with heartbraking warmth.

Nightpaw didn't now what to think, she thought it was truthful to say Rasp hadn't no need to fear their reactions. But, she felt a sudden stiffness in the air. "Ma'ams, we have a few questions." She paused, looking at Rasp. "Right, Rasp?" She meowed, her gaze flashing to where Shycloud suddenly leaned forward.

"*Rasp?*" Shycloud meowed, mimicking Nightpaw's nickname for Rasperrypaw. "Hmm, i see our great-neice has made a friend." The elderly queen purred, nudging her sister's shoulder.

The crimson she-cat blinked, Nightpaw noticed the slight embaressed look that her friend gave off. *Why?* Blinking, she gave a curt nod to Rasp. "The questions?" She whispered, glancing at the two waiting elders.

There was a bit of hesitation as Rasperrypaw asked. "Do you remember that time, that you said something was coming to the forest?" She asked, looking her her great-aunts. But, with both cats nodding contiuned speaking. "Well, *it* has." She hissed, "All the cats disappering, thats the..*thing*."

"The thing that has come to eat." Softcloud meowed, her ears flatting. "Yes, its been over twenty-seven seasons." she meowed, "Almost twenty-eight."

Nightpaw blinked, so these two older cats *did* know something about the strange creature that lurked out in the shadows. *But how? Why?* The onyx cat felt her paws prickle as she wanted to ask these questions. *Let Rasp handle it.* She blinked, relaxing as she leaned slightly agaিসnt her friend.

Rasp looked between each cat. "Can you tell us how to stop it?" She asked, hope filled her meow. "Maybe if others now? And how, well..how to *live* threw this seaons?"

Softcloud gave a wistful look at her sister. "No, we not know how to kill the thing, but. Our great-grandfather spoke of his own great-great grandfather whom had been part of the group to kill *it*." She whispered, then settle back. "Well, to at least put it back to sleep." She said, shrugging. "Time after time, each generation of the orangani ten were told, we already now that in this Clan Rasperrypaw, Nightpaw and Snowypaw have that blood."

What? Nightpaw glanced at Rasperrypaw. "Really? Where..not related are we?" She felt a strange sigh of relife as Shycloud shook her head.

"No, see. Rasperrypaw is from Hickorysong's line." She explained, "You and Snowypaw are from Addertounge's."

Addertounge's? Nightpaw thought she had heard that name before, like it was firmiller. But, she couldn't yet place a paw on it. "So, the other cats?" She asked, "From the other Clans?"

Shycloud blinked, before nodding at Nightpaw. "Well, besides your two ansansters. There was Mothear, a medicine cat, Teasquirrel and Bittersquirrel in MarbleClan." She meowed, "Mothear had kits thow. And we already now whom that is, *Riverpaw*."

Riverpaw? Nightpaw blinked, before eyes widening. "Thats the cat with the strange illness!" She squeaked, but quickly felt her face heat up as the three cats turned to look at her.

Softcloud gave a curt nod. "Mothear had it too, and its not an illness, just something that effects their eyes." She meowed, "The two sisters, Teasquirrel and Bittersquirrel have only one decentent that will see." She mumbled, "And in BoneClan, Frostfrog, Silkeye's and Grasshopperleg will have cats that can help defent this thing."

Hickorysong, Addertounge, Mothear, Teasquirrel, Bittersquirrel, Frostfrog, Silkeye's and Grasshopperleg? Nightpaw took check on each given name. They already now that Mintpaw could see, so that ment that two others could in MeadowClan along with her! "Wait, thats not all "ten" is it?" she asked, doubt checking to make sure. And no, it was only eight names.

"Thats becuase, the two bothers. Hazelnut and Chestnut where loners whom became Clancats. But never had a mate or kits." Shycloud replied, sighing. "So, thats all ten"

Nightpaw yawned, her eyes narrowing as she tryed to focus. But, with blurryness of being tired, overwhelmed and just plain worn out. She couldn't help but close her eyes.

Rasp must've seen her, because she heard the three cats say good-bye, and was lead into the apprentice's den. Curling up, she sighed being emloomed in warmth as Rasp curled up beside her.

"Good night, Nightpaw." Rasp whispered, resting her head onto Nightpaw's shoulder.

Nightpaw yawned, only half-awake as she mewed. "Night, Rasp."

27. Fadedpaw, Nightterrors

Fadedpaw P.O.V

The stars glittered over head the tom. He gritted his teeth, a cold wind shaddering around him. He was lost, cold and didn't remember *what* he was doing. Hunger rumbled in his stomach, once again reminding him that he was half-starved, and could possibly *die* being so weak out in the coldness. Yet, he just *couldn't* turn back around, not yet.

Something was pulling at him, pulling at him to keep walking threw the marble carved-stone paths. Snow crunching under-paw as he stubbornly kept walking.

He stopped, pale pastel blue eyes stopping dead on the shape of an cat. He held his breath, eyes narrowing sharply as he stiffened. An young cat, the shade of gray and white was half-buried in the snow. "R-Riverpaw?" He gasped, collasping beside his Clanmate.

"No, no!" Blood, blood was *everywhere*. It stained the snow, blood stained the whiteness on Riverpaw's chest. He blinked back tears, but already the salt-filled drips rolled down his cheeks. "*No!*" He placed to paws over his dead-Denmates body, shuddering as he didn't even try to hold back his tears. His nose was in Riverpaw's fur, he couldn't find the warmth of a living cat off his friend, no. Instead Riverpaw was cold, so cold to the touch. Buring his face into Riverpaw's fur, he shook with every last mournful cry that echoed threw the moutians..

"Fadedpaw? Fadedpaw, wake up!" The gray tom's head shot up. His eyes were wide, glittering with unsheathsd tears as his face was already wet from the tears he'd cryed in his sleep. Fadedpas gazed at Riverpaw, shock, hurt, saddness echoed threw the two pastel blue orbs.

"R-Riverpaw?" Fadedpaw meowed softly, leaning against Riverpaw his face buiring into Riverpaw's neck-fur. "I-"

The younger apprentice gave a smoothing purr. "Shh, its fine." Soon, Riverpaw began grooming the salty tears off of Fadedpaw's face.

"What happened?"

Fadedpaw looked away, his gaze was distant, misty and unclear. He chewed his bottom lip, unease filled him. What could he say? That he found Riverpaw *dead* in his dreams? That, this was the one thing he feared most, and he *knew* it would fuel this even more? He had seen the thing back again, and somehow these dreams got more real each night. And, tonight he couldn't help but to let all the emotions out in this last dream. "I.."

"Fadedpaw?" Owl paw stood at the edge of the den. Her gaze narrowed and unclear from sleep, but the twitching of her tail and worry in her eyes told him everything. "Riverpaw, what *happened*?"

The gray-and-white tom shrugged, his ocean blue eyes *serachful*. "Fadedpaw was crying out in his sleep, I don't know why." Was all he replied as he gave Fadedpaw an *conserned* look.

Owl paw padded over, sniffing at him. She sat down, unease clear across her face. *She doesn't think about this stuff, shes more "fight, then ask whats going on"*. "Really? Fadedpaw?" Giving him a stern glare, she leaned forward every so slightly. "Tell, before I get the medicine cat."

Fadedpaw's narrowed his eyes. "No need!" He muttered crossly, of corse she wouldn't think to use soft words, *Owl paw* used harsh, stern glares and blackmail. "I-" He paused, his ears felt hot as he looked at Riverpaw. "I, I *saw* Riverpaw death." He meowed, earning an *confushed* look from Owl paw. "The same dream, but always differnt. They all..have Riverpaw *dead* or *dieing* in them! And, I couldn't handle it anymore, ok?"

Owl paw gave a soft snort, but didn't reple as Riverpaw gave his ear an *reasuring* lick.

Fadedpaw looked up, calmness looming threw him as he gazed into those ocean-blue eyes. "Its ok, no-one needs to see their friends die.." Riverpaw meowed, his voice soft till he looked at Owl paw. "Right, *Owl paw*?"

The look that crossed over Owl paw's face was enough for Fadedpaw

to burst out laughing. Soon, even Riverpaw was smiling laughing as the older she-cat gave them her infamous death-glare.

Owlpaw got to her feet, still glaring at both toms. "*Alright!* Fine, just stop laughing at me!" She hissed, lashing her white tail. "Before -"

Fadedpaw stopped listening to Owlpaw, she was just going to insult them with a death-threat before storming out- which is what she did-.

Riverpaw leaned against him, his pelt felt warm in the coldness of the night. "Don't worry, were both same from it..." He mewed, his ocean-blue gaze flickering to Fadedpaw.

For a moment, pastel blue, and ocean blue eyes met. But, Fadedpaw looked away his ears flattening. "Maybe..just maybe." He mumbled, but he knew it was still out there. *It* still stalked in his dreams, no.

No, not dreams. More like, nightterrors.

28. Wishpaw, The Offerings

Wishpaw P.O.V

Wishpaw swished her feathery tail. It was dim light in the morning, and she was heading out the camp. She always did this, concerned about the well-being of that one loner. She knew he still stalked around, she could smell his scent on protrols, and even find complete footprints.

So, this went on as she was an caretaker. Or, so she thought. The one loner had lashed out, and she *had* noticed that his eyes seem to change-yet she forced herself to cover that fear and keep helping out. *Its the only right thing to do!* Wishpaw thought as she followed her own scent to one spot. She dropped the mouse that she had tooaken, dropping it in an mossy covered den. She had made this den, to kept prey in. She knew that the loner found it, for hid scent was around the den and the prey always gone by the next day.

"Hello?" She meowed, tipping her head around ears prickled. She never had a replie, but it was worth a try. She sighed, closing her eyes as she felt the soft, wet moist moss underpaw.

She twitched her ear as the wind blew, shaking a few branches. A crow cawed, flapping off into the sky. She shuddered, letting the chill blow threw her thicker fur. She turned away, letting her paws retrace her steps she took so many times in the past few weeks.

Wishpaw kept walking, she never looked back. It was just something she did, she couldn't help but hope-just hope that this was when the poor loner got his food. With that, she kept walking into the woods, away from the den that she made, from where she placed prey day after day, week after week for the random loner she had once stumbled upond.

29. Owlpaw Dim-wit and Mouse-brain

Owlpaw

Owlpaw watched Fadedpaw and Riverpaw, the three of them were practicing battle moves, all of their mentors were watching. She stiffened, her gaze alert.

Who will attack first? Dim-wit or mouse-heart? She thought, almost mused as she thought of this. She *did* nickname both of the tom's these names, mostly because Riverpaw was mouse-hearted, and well. Fadedpaw acted like a dim-wit around, or about Riverpaw.

"Just attack already! I'm getting gray hairs!" Owlpaw yowled, she didn't actually care who won, just if she could *join* the fight! "Sundanceeee!" She whined, drawing out her voice. "Why can't I join? Maybe get their blood pumping! Both are too soft-hearted to attack each other!"

Riverpaw's gaze flickered to her, anyone clear in his ocean-blue eyes. "We are not Owlpaw!"

Fadedpaw shifted in his spot, looking at Riverpaw with clear disapproval to having to fight. "Why not let Owlpaw join?" He mumbled, eyes narrowing at her. "I could use a feather or two!"

A feather? "I'm not a bird!" She snapped, ears flattening. "Mouse-brain!"

"Frog-breath!" Fadedpaw growled back, spinning to glare at her.

In the moment, Riverpaw pounced, landing onto Fadedpaw's back. He was small, which made it harder for him to tackle him down. But, Fadedpaw ended up falling to his knees, with Riverpaw holding him down with his front paws onto his neck. "Ha! I win!"

Fadedpaw rolled his eyes, but they were light and smiled. "Alright, get off me furball!" He stood up, shaking Riverpaw off him just like Riverpaw was a over-sized kit.

Riverpaw huffed, looking at their mentors. "You just let me win, didn't you?" He hissed.

Fadedpaw shook his head, his tail resting into Riverpaw's shoulder. "No, I didn't!" The gray tom looked at Owl paw his gaze gleaming. "Now, want to join the fight?"

Getting to her paws, she lashed her long, white tail to her side hovering beside her face. Smiling, she nodded "Bring it on, *dim-wit!*"

Cut

Owl paw leaped into the training area. Paws out-stretched she hit both of Fadedpaw's shoulders. She rolled, tail tangling around her paws for a moment. Standing, she glared at Fadedpaw whom was nodding and saying something to Riverpaw. Then, both of them started moving around her.

Tag-teaming? Owl paw gritted her teeth. Both toms were smaller then most cats, *but* so was she. She was more lean, more lithe and thin to make her frame look small. *Which makes this a far fight, but now both of them?* She dug her claws into the ground her gaze flashing to both cats. "Come on, *cowards!*"

Riverpaw leaped, she ducked, feeling only the tip of his paws gaze her back as he landed onto the other side of her, nearly knocking down Fadedpaw.

Owl paw got to her paws, raced to Fadedpaw and quickly kicked his paws from under him. Shouldering Riverpaw back onto the ground she dragged the smallest tom to Fadedpaw's side. "Ha! *Both* of you are *truely* mouse-hearts!" She snorted, looking to see Sundance walking over.

The golden tom sighed, "Alright. Get up both of you!" He poked Fadedpaw's side with a paw. "You just got beaten by a younger *she-cat*."

Owl paw's dark blue eyes flashed to Sundance. What did *that* mean? She opened her jaws, about to make another snarky comnet on what her mentor just said when she yelped, falling flat onto her belly. "Hey- the fight is over, you lost. End of story!" She meowed, glaring at Fadedpaw who had a smug look cross over his face.

The tom smiled, "Just giving you a tast of your own medicine!" He replied in a snicker. "Right, Riverpaw?"

Riverpaw shrugged, still trying to get dirt from his pelt. "Yeah, why did you have to *drag* me?" He whined, "I hate dirt on my skin!"

Midnightrunner hissed, "Then go in the *river*, Riverpaw!" She snapped, the deputy has been in a bad mood for the past few days.

Owlpaw glared at Midnightrunner. Riverpaw had stopped grooming his pelt, huddling beside Fadedpaw. *Foxheart!* Owlpaw hissed softly, "Sorry, Riverpaw. I'm sure we can get all the dirt out of your pelt soon." She walked beside the two tom, lowering her head. "Whats gotten into Midnightrunner? She acts like a badger these past few days, grumper then one!"

Fadedpaw gaze at her before sighing. "I don't know. But whatever it is, its got to be bad. She almost never snaps at Riverpaw, he *is* her only kit."

Owlpaw looked ahead of them. Blinking as sunlight almost *blinded* her! Shaking her head, she gritted her teeth. "Well, lets just help Riverpaw get cleaned up." She mewed, "And eat! I'm starved." She smiled as Fadedoaw snorted, repling ("your always starving Owlpaw!"). She nodded, she *was* almost always starving. Yet, she worked hard to earn that hunger. So, it didn't bring much atteniched to her own mind.

Closing her eyes, she let the wind blow around her. Sighing as she gazed at the marble trail, "Whatever, *dim-wit*."

Fadedpaw sighed, smiling as he shook his head. "Yeah, "whatever" *Mouse-brain*."

30. Snowypaw, The Argrument

Snowypaw P.O.V

Wind whisled, leaving scattered leafs and debris on the ground. Small prey huddled in their dens, keeping warm from the harsh chill.

A white she-cat sat in her den, her gaze searching as she looked outside. Then, ears pricked she gave a faint smile. Two cats, one dark like the midnight sky, the other an crimson red like blood.

Tail waving, she waited for both to join her in the den. As they sat, huddled for warmth. She took a breath, gaze hopeful as she looked at each of them. "So?" She finally breathed, not waiting for either of the two to say something.

The crimson she-cat looked up, her narrow muzzle pointing down. "We know of these names. Riverpaw, Mintpaw, Wishpaw and Owlpaw." The tabby replied, sighing. "Mintpaw we know, and soon she can say something to Wishpaw. Riverpaw, and Owlpaw we need to find. Along with the two extra cats."

The white cat sighed, closing icy blue eyes. "Really? We already know Mintpaw!" She hissed, ears flattening. "We should've gotten 'nother cat's name."

The midnight colored cat hissed, "Snowypaw, we have names. That's a start!" The tabby sat back, sighing tiredly. "Rasp's great-aunts couldn't get the names of the last two, so we have to." She explained.

Snowypaw blinked, looking at her sister to the crimson she-cat. "Really, so Shyclooud and Softclooud found all this out. But couldn't get *two more names!*" She exclaimed, sitting down with a huff. "I-"

Nightpaw got up. Fur fluffed and ears flat. "They did all they could, were lucky that Raspberrypaw's line had kept passing this down!" She meowed, "Not like our's did." She added in a low grumble.

Shocked, Snowypaw hissed. "Whatever, let's just find the cats we have now. I'll talk to Mintpaw, see if she can get the others in

MeadowClan."

Nightpaw nodded, seeming to calm down. "Good, well handle MarbleClan." She mewed, sighing. "Lets get some sleep, and..deal with this in the morning." The midnight cat stalked to her nest, muttering something to Rasp as the two curled up in the single mossy bed.

Snowypaw climbed into her own nest, pulling her tail to her side. If Nightpaw *wanted* to snap at her, then so be it. But, couldn't-no-*didn't* she have the right to be mad? Not like those two lazy elders were usefull in fighting this thing off when the time comes. She curled her lower lip in a shallow snarl. *If Nightpaw wants a fight, then she can have one. But we all need to be together, all of the chosen line's.* The snowy cat curled up, tail over her nose as she watched the stars dance before she fell asleep.

31. Mintpaw, If

Pleaseee, go check out my Book, "Warrior's Of The Supernatural", a cross over of Supernatural and Warriors!

Mintpaw P.O.V

Mintpaw watched the leafs race around her paws. So far, with little to no scent of the *thing* anywhere but in one area. She had high hopes of it being gone, yet. There was one thing, one small thing that still bothered her.

Wishpaw. The apprentice had been sneaking out. She had caught her more then once leaving camp near or before dawn always coming back smelling like the wet forest and fresh-kill. Yet, no trace of her eating that Mintpaw could tell. *What is she doing?*

Mintpaw was now sitting at the camp's entrance. She had followed the she-cat, seen her hunt and put prey in a place that smelled *highly* of old prey, Wishpaw and *it*. She had took a deep breath, sharply aware what was now going on. "Wishpaw!" Mintpaw leaped out, she held the apprentice by one paw on the neck. "Why are you feeding it? Helping it get stronger is no way to help us defeat it!" She yowled, fur bristled as she shoved her face darely close to Wishpaw's.

The fluffer apprentice was shaking, most likely from being jumped at by her Clanmate, and the water that her pelt was being crumpled in. "It? Wha- I was feeding a loner thats weak, please he is still around! And- I though we always helped our-"

Mintpaw sighed, side-stepping away from Wishpaw. "You mouse-brain, the is *not* a cat. You've been tricked." Mintpaw turned, took the vole that had been placed down. And started back for camp, "Com'on, you've seen it already. So, you must be one of us." She mewed, *why Wishpaw? Shes barely anything but*-Mintpaw closed her eyes, if she had wanted help at least she had one cat that couls hunt. Maybe even help them track this thing down when the time was right, *just go with it.*

Wishpaw shook her pelt, racing after Mintpaw. "One of "us"?" She

asked, cocking her head.

"Yes, me, Nightpaw, Raspberrypaw and Snowypaw can all see this..thing. You are also able to see it, or at least know its here." She explained, "We know were not alone, and I speak with them every Gathering-or ones I can get to." She added, remembering the long wait. "And now, we know you can to, just you were fooled, and it was using you to feed on easier prey."

Wishpaw was quiet, her head low. "Oh." She finailly meowed, head shaking. "So, what is it then? You said it's not a cat..and by saying "It" at all..that means what exacly?"

Mintpaw sighed, "Well. It can shape-shift, and..and.." She gave a short hiss. "Look, i'll explain it later. Lets just..hunt and say thats what we've been doing." She meowed, looking upond the tree's layers of leafs. Dim sunlight shined threw, "Its already sun-up. Cats are going to be awaking." She said, dropping the vole. "So no more taking prey to it- underdstand?"

Wishpaw nodded meekly, "Yes, and sorry! If I would've known.."

The brown cat sighed, "*If*, if you would've known.." She turned, walking into the overgrown bracken leaving Wishpaw to groom out her wet fur.

32. Snowpaw, The Dream

Snowpaw P.O.V

Water surged around her paws, she gasped as the icy coldness gripped onto her fur. Dark eyes wide, she tried leaping, running for higher cover. Yet, everywhere she went the water kept rising to. *No!* Snowpaw raced forward, leaping onto a rotting log. Her claws dug into the log's unstirred bark, leaving deep gashes as it shook, loosing from the earth's hold. The water turned red, a light tint where Snowpaw hardly noticed, but now she screeched as bloody water lapped at her paws. She held onto the log, her pelt plastered to her shrunken frame.

StarClan help me! Snowpaw begged, ears flat as an unanimal laugh rattled the forest.

She squinted, eyes widening as a cat waded threw the bloody water with ease. She yowled, trying to stand on the log. Only to nearly fall into the blood-bath, her hind legs kicking from the water. "Help!"

The cat fixed narrowed, cold yellow eyes onto the helpless apprentice. A smile creeping onto its maw. "Oh, stuck I see?" The cat asked, but with no voice of a cat.. It was dark, something that would give any full grown warrior nightmares about.

Snowpaw swallowed, right now the bloody water looked more appealing then this..this *thing*. Snowpaw started backing away, slowly as she didn't want to tip the log over. Yet, the thing easily waded threw the blood, its sinister glare narrowed at her. "Stay away!" Snowpaw hissed, fur bristling at most from being wet.

It was beside the log without trouble. Waves splashing bloody thick water onto the vessel. "Can all cats swim?" It asked, a wide grin spreading onto its face. "Well, lets test that out!"

Snowpaw squeaked as the vessel slammed into the log, making it tip over having the apprentice fall into thick red water. She gasped, kicking as she tried to get to the top. But then she screeched, pain flaring into her shoulder. Blood, even redder then the murky bloody-

water started to inkily spread from a long gash along her shoulder.

Then, she opened her jaws into a scream, being cut off as the log bounced back, hitting her in the head. She felt her mouth jag open, air escaping as she went limp. *Falling..Sinking..*her eyes fluttered closed, and everything went black.

Snowpaw blinked open her dark blue eyes, sunlight bursted into the apprentices den for once, leaving her nest in a sunny patch of light. She rolled over, only to gasp as pain flared up her shoulder. *What..?* Snowpaw staggered to her paws, wincing as she gazed at a blood, long gash. It ran from the back of her heel, twisting up to cross over her shoulder.

Her white and brown-faded patched fur was sticky with blood. And warm, from blood still oozed from the long gash.

"Sno-" There was a loud gasp as a brown cat dashed to her side. "What happened?" Snowpaw blinked, blinking fuzzily. "Snowpaw!" The voice was more irritated then worried.

"Mintpaw?" Snowpaw gurgled. She stumbled along, with Mintpaw beside her helping her walk. She stopped, falling into the softness of moss.

"What happened?" Roseypaw's consered voice echoed, making Snowpaw relize the Mintpaw brought her to the medicine den.

Mintpaw sat down, "I don't know, what *did* happen Snowpaw. Your not one to get into trouble." There was a hint of surpirse, which soon followed a smile. "More cats like us!"

Roseypaw snorted, "No, your crazy and Snowpaw just probily made a mistake. Nothing like *you*." The assient meowed, placing chewed-up herbs onto the long gash. Snowpaw winced, the herbs stinged, as she flinched away.

"That hurt!" Snowpaw mewed, pulling her foreleg to her side. "Anyways, I don't know hoe this happened. I was.." Snowpaw blinked, frowning with a shudder. *The dream*. It was like a fresh membory, boring into her head with painful flashes. "I was dreaming."

There was a snort, followed by- "Dreaming? Thats-" Mintpaw suddenly stopped talking, a sudden tension started to build up. "Thats not all unreasonable." Mintpaw mumbled, getting up to help press cobwebs onto the long gash.

The white-and-brown she-cat looked up, ears prickled in surprise. "What? It is unreasonable! A dream isn't real, noneless of what I dreamt about." She snorted, wincing once more as Roseypaw removed blood-soaked webs to place fresh ones.

The brown cat looked up, worry glazing over her minty colored eyes. "Well talk later, what can I do to help Roseypaw?" Mintpaw turned her attention away from Snowpaw. Looking at the rose-colored apprentice.

Snowpaw laid her head down, blocking out the noise of the two cats talking. She said, closing her eyes for a split second before yawning. Realizing how tired she really was, she felt drained. Like she hadn't slept at all during the night. *Maybe having nightmares does that to you.* Snowpaw thought goggily, yawning once more before falling asleep.

"Wake up!" Mintpaw hissed, her minty colored eyes narrowed. "We have to talk, while cats are still sleeping." She mewed, poking Snowpaw's side once again.

Snowpaw grunted, blinking goggily at the she-cat. "Why?" She mumbled, still half-asleep. "Its not even moonset!"

Mintpaw hissed, nipping at Snowpaw's ears. "Get up you lazy furball!" She snapped, angering buzzing in her voice. "We have *much* to talk about, mostly with your dream."

Snowpaw grumbled something unintelligibly. "Whyyyyyy!" She whined stretching as she slowly got up. "Mintpaw, why can't I ever sleep? Last night, now tonight..!"

Mintpaw growled, ears flattening as she bared her teeth. "Snowpaw, *don't* try me right now! This is life or *death*!" She hissed, fur bristling as Snowpaw just rolled her eyes sitting up. "Now, tell me about your dream."

Snowpaw sighed, closing her eyes as she wrapped her tail around her paws. "Well, it was raining.." She began, her temples furring together. "And..it was...*flooding*. I was trying to swim, to just try and escape.." Snowpaw shivered, her jaw clunching together as she tried to re-see her dream.

Snowpaw yelped, waters churing at her paws, she tried to leap, run. Twisting between braken that tangled around her legs, trying to drag her to the forest floor that was now a lake.

Mintpaw sighed. "You were..dreaming about drowning?" She asked, head tilted.

Snowpaw head jerked back, "What?" She had said that out loud? Sighing, she nodded. Wincing as she mewed, "I..can't swim! And, well..I *may* be afriad of..*water*..?" She said, it well almost like a question. There was no doubt about it, she hated water! It was wet, sticky and made her pelt clinge to her. Yes, she thought it was good with honey, but water was also bitter, rainwater was good..*why am I still thinking about water?* Snowpaw shook her head, looking up to see Mintpaw glaring at her with narrowed eyes.

"What?" Snowpaw meowed, glaring back. She didn't like rudeness, but.. "Look, I saw something.."

Mintpaw growled. Muttering under her breath, "Nevermind," She looked up, "Did you see it?" Mintpaw meowed, "A smelly white tom? Or, yellow eyed creature thing? Smelled worst then the smelliest crow-food?"

Shocked, Snowpaw gaped at the air, her eyes wide. "Ho-" Snowpaw sighed, "Did..you dream this to? Is this a sign from StarClan?"

Mintpaw hissed, snorting. "No, StarClan probily isn't even awake even more! *It* had went and did the dream, invading your mind to play tricks and prey on your fear." Mintpaw explained, ears flatten as she screwed her face in disgust.

Snowpaw tilted her head, "What?"

"I've done my work, or enough to know about how It preys on us."

Mintpaw added, frowning. "So, no this *isn't* StarClan at all. Its the..monster wanting to eat us, to put it bluntly." The older apprenticed sighed, looking suddenly tired. "Snowpaw, you me and Wishpaw have seen this thing in MeadowClan." Mintpaw mewed, only stopping to take a deep breath. "And Raspberrypaw, Nightpaw and Snowypaw of BoneClan..and we know a few names from MarbleClan."

What? "Wishpaw?" She asked, she had noticed how the apprenticed hunted very early. Yet never came back with much prey, she thought that Wishpaw had eaten it...But the silverly cat seemed to be kind, nice and sweet. Always helping her Clanmates first, so Snowpaw just always thought she was a bad hunter, trying to prattice.

Mintpaw nodded, "Yep, were trying to get touch with MarbleClan! But.. Its to hard, so we've had to brain storm-which I'm not very good at *that*.."

"And? Why am *I* dragged into *your* mess!" She hissed, ears flatten, lips curled in a snarl. "Can't I just live a normal life? Become a warrior, a queen and live up to what my mother has done?" Snowpaw asked, leaning back on her hind paws. "Mintpaw-I'm sorry, but..you'll just have to deal with this on your own." She meowed, turning with a flick of her tail. "I'm to young to die."

Mintpaw growled, Snowpaw yelped as she tumbled onto trh ground. Mintpaw standing over her with bared teeth, her paw onto Snowpaw's neck. "You selfish brat!" She hissed, "Were *dieing*, you know Flintpaw?" Mintpaw's voice cracked, her eyes narrowing as she clinched her jaw. "He died, being prey to that monster! So did many, *many* others."

Snowpaw hissed, paws hitting Mintpaw's face in atimp to excaspe. "Fine! Just get off me," Snowpaw sighed, her ears flatting and she look away. "And i'm sorry about Flintpaw, I really am!" The white cat got to her paws. "But, like I said. I'm *not* going to be The Monsters next prey.." Snowpaw closed her eyes, heart pounding. *Why did I get dragged into this mess?* "Lets kill this thing, so I can forget all the names of you and your friends." Snowpaw lashed her tail, she hated being rude. But, *her life* was at the point of ending! And, in the worst way posible!

Don't I get the right to live like my mother? Be a ledgen, die with a kit to carry the story on? She blinked, tears glittering in her eyes. Her mother, Whisperwasp, had been an sight to see, scars and brusies. A nasty personallity but loyal, strong in soul, mind and body. She helped, and to some was the most wonderful thing ever, to others she had been the spawn of a Dark Forest cat. Snowpaw never had the additud to match hers, but. She tryed to be her *best* to live up to something like Whisperwasp had!

With that, she narrowed her eyes. A lump in her throat as she looked at Mintpaw.

"If I die, i'll hunt *you* and your family, *forever!*"

So, yes after this book is over. I'll actually do a Super Eddition to Snowpaw'd mother! Of corse, if you all agree. If not, then I won't. So, please say your side of thar vote! And like always, hope you liked the chap! ~ *Crimson!*

33. Fadedpaw, Feelings

Fadedpaw P.O.V

Fadedpaw glared at the small meal before his paws, he had caught a fairly large vole, wanting to take it to Riverpaw. He shifted, unease prickling threw his skin. What if he didn't feel the same, and Fadedpaw made a fool of himself?

He had been through this before, sitting for hours thinking over it. Two moons, he dwelled on telling Owlpaw first. To see if she agreed with him telling Riverpaw then, but the she-cat would've just scoffed at this and most likely tell Riverpaw anyways.

"Hey, -" Owlpaw walked in, dropping a few mice by the tail. She snorted, looking at the prey. "Having a starting contest with your prey, there?" Owlpaw meowed, coming to his side and whispering. "Its already dead, I think you-"

Fadedpaw growled, shoving her away from the vole. "I'm not-" He sighed inwardly, Owlpaw was completely innorging him! "Owlpaw! Don't take that-Its for Riverpaw." He snatched the vole up, flicking his tail worriedly.

The she-cat blinked, cocking her head slightly. A small frown forming on her maw, followed by a glint in her misty blue eyes. "Really?" She looked around, before snatching the mice up quickly, "Alright, fine. Give the piece of crowfood to Riverpaw." She growled, walking out the den with her tail tail lashing.

Stunned, he blinked. What was that? He shook his head, sighing as he started walking to the apprentice's den. "Riverpaw?" He called threw muffled fur.

Riverpaw's ocean blue eyes blinked open, giving a faint smile as he rised his head. "Fadedpaw!" He meowed sitting up, "What is it?"

Fadedpaw's heart pounded, this was it. Yet-it felt like his paws were made of stone as he slowly walked over, he dropped the vole. "Umm-I-I brought you a vole.." He mumbled, pawing the earth.

Riverpaw gave a short smile, before crouching beside the prey. He waved his tail at Fadedpaw's ears, "Well, are we going to eat or not?" He asked, amusement gleaming in his eyes as he added. "I can't eat an entire vole, not after I already ate only this morning!"

Fadedpaw felt his face heat up, of course Riverpaw had already eaten! How mouse-brained could he be? He had also eaten *with* the younger tom, he sighed crouching down shoulder-to-shoulder with Riverpaw. "I forgot." He mewed sheepishly.

Riverpaw snorted, nudging his shoulder playfully. "Aren't starting to become an elder already are you?" He meowed, smiling widely as Fadedpaw shook his head.

Snorting he head-butted Riverpaw's side. "What-me getting old, already? How old *do* you think I am?" He asked, but looked up as he glanced at the gray sky. "It's going to rain." He muttered, mostly to himself. It was nice to relax, to just hang out with Riverpaw, watch his worries be carried away by the younger tom.

But I can't stall forever! He glanced at Riverpaw, the ocean blue eyes stared back with slight concern replacing the amusement.

"Are you ok?" Riverpaw asked, jolting Fadedpaw from his thoughts. "Your..quiet."

Fadedpaw sighed inwardly, he needed this off his mind anyways. And..what stopped Riverpaw from becoming a warrior and finding a mate, before Fadedpaw could ever say anything? He glanced at the tom, his heart pounding. Yet, if Riverpaw did find a different mate, and raised kits with a she-cat. He would still be beside his friend, helping, caring and doing what he could. He realized, even *if* Riverpaw didn't feel the same way, he would never stop caring for the younger apprentice, even if he wanted to.

Riverpaw leaned forward, his gaze narrowing. "Fadedpaw?" He meowed, pausing as he thought before saying, "Is..there anything you need to say to me?"

Fadedpaw swallowed, Riverpaw had always seem to know when Fadedpaw needed to talk. It was one thing he liked about the

apprentice, once more jurked out his thoughts he nodded looking at Riverpaw. "Yes..I-" He swallowed, this was it. But-what if this ruined his friendship with Riverpaw? He looked into the worried, yet calming ocean-blue eyes. *So be it.* "..I like you Riverpaw." He blurted, he paused, his heart beating as Riverpaw only smiled, before leaning and giving Fadedpaw's muzzle a lick.

"I know." Was all Riverpaw said, before both toms looked to the apprentice den's entrance where a sharp, almost painful hiss had come from. Owl paw stood there, fur fluffed out ears flat with her jaw hanging open. Pain filled the misty eyes before she turned racing off.

34. Owlpaw, Meeting

This is for my friend, Daytona whom made the character Owlpaw and had helped me develop the story line! So yeah, special thanks to her!

Owlpaw P.O.V

Owlpaw stared at the two gray cats, her jaw hanging open as she hissed, pain clunching at her heart. She swallowed, anger, pain, hate, all burned in her eyes before she turned, racing off. She didn't stop as she heard the cries of her name from both cats, this only made her run harder her paws getting cut on the rocky marble.

She felt hot tears run down her cheeks. It wasn't fair! Fadedpaw..how *could* he?! She knew he might've not felt the same, but..it still hurt to know he had loved Riverpaw, and she was on the side of their small group. She stopped, pads skinning on the rock as she looked up. There was a cliff to her right, and a big wall in front of her. She would need to turn back, go past the camp if she wanted to just run. But, she knew whom would be back, what she'll see. So, instead she unsheathed her claws and jumped. She dug her claws into the gritty dirt, clawing her way to where she could put her paws and lift herself up the sheer-rockside.

"Owlpaw!" She paused, looking down to see Sundance looking up. Riverpaw and Fadedpaw were at his side, looking up. "Come down, before you get hurt!"

She gritted her teeth, tail lashing. "Don't worry, after this you won't *ever* need to worry about me again!" She hissed, anger dripping into every last word. Fadedpaw's eyes widen, he reared up onto his back paws placing his forepaws onto the wall.

"We can talk, just don't do anything you might regret!" Fadedpaw meowed, his own eyes narrowing. "You can't just run from your Clan!"

From my Clan? Was that all she was, a cat from her Clan? Nothing more than someone to help feed them, to fight for them and be left in

the shadows? She blinked back tears, looking up she gritted her teeth and started her climb again, only looking back once as she meowed, "The Clan will have more kits to help feed you all, to fight and defend, so don't worry about the Clan." She hissed, "Or you or your mate, or anyone in there, I'm sure others will fight and defend you all!"

Sundance narrowed his eyes, he also reared up his forepaws onto the marble and dirt wall. "Owlpaw, now that's not true. We're not here just to protect the Clan, now get back down here!"

Owlpaw growled, she never wanted to feel anger at her mentor, Sundance was like a father to her. Yet, she couldn't stay, take a punishment for running off. No, she had to leave. Maybe there was a different path out there, for her. "I'm sorry Sundance." She muttered, her claws dug into the earth as she hauled herself up onto the flat top, kicking to get her back legs up. She looked down, swallowing back one last stinging remark, something she always did to hide her feelings. Yet, she only stared, her head throbbed from the height. Then, she turned lashing her tail as she ran off, and a loud roar came from the sky followed by the cold, wet raindrops.

...Three Days Later...

Owlpaw sat in the den she made, licking out a patch of knotted fur. She gave her whiskers a quick clean, before walking out. She was greeted by the small pile of prey she had, which was a small fresh-kill pile for whenever she gotten hungry. She has woven brambles, thickets and branches together, and put moss around it to hide the small den.

There was enough room in her small area, to feed and supply her for moons to come. Owlpaw had settled in a spot just outside of MarbleClan's mountains and BoneClan's territory, marking the edges of them and into the small woods. She had noticed that cats did remark many times over her scent, that was when the thought of BoneClan thinking MarbleClan was in their territory had popped into her mind, which made her move her "camp" back.

Owlpaw still cared for her past Clanmates, so she had to do this with MarbleClan scent still on her. She didn't need BoneClan to attack

MarbleClan, no matter how much Owl paw still started to dispise every memory of the rocky-mountains. She sighed, picking up a sparrow as she started to lazily chew on the wing, spitting out feathers.

Owlpaw got up, after the quick meal she had fallen asleep, streatching she head for the scent markers. Owl paw liked to keep them fresh, so any loners whom came around would stay away, hoping that they though the Clan's had explanded their territory. She knew using her scent was a good idea, she did happen to have the small fear that not only did the loners, badgers and foxes, all of the Clan's usual predators, was just *her* only threats. She had noticed, that the cat-thing had seemed to follow her, she noticed the reek of crow-food followed by the mixed scents that the thing had always smelled like.

But, now she paused. Her jaws slightly open as she took in the usual scents. Prey, forest, berrys and the strong scent of colt's foot that was greatly supplid here. And..*BoneClan*. She shivered, did they want to see whom was applieing the territory behind them? A sudden fear struck her, what if she was chased off? Or used as a prinsoner so they could get something from MarbleClan? By now the Gathering was only two days away, but that wouldn't stop the usual chat between BoneClan's and MarbleClan's dawn protrols to talk about her leaving. Would they make her go back, what if they made an offer with their herb supplie? Or prey storage?

No! Owl paw hissed, gritting her teeth. She lashed her tail, unsheathing her sharpened claws. She had stayed ready to fight, sharpening her claws on wood, and keeping her fighting skills in shape. She would show the BoneClan intruders that her territory couldn't be invaded by noseey cats! She stalked into the bushes, she was lucky the two days she stayed here after the rainy day of sleeping in the mountain's gotten her use to the surroundings. She could use to as an avantiage, maybe scaring the noseey cats away could give her the quiet she wanted from the Clan's.

Owlpaw crept in the shadows, lashing her white tail to the ground. She leaped, going onto a tree limb that went into the higher trees. Than, she crouched, claws stuck into the wood as she waited for the paw-steps of the cat getting closer.

"Get off my territory!" Owl paw screeched, leaping down she landed square on the back of an white she-cat. She dropped, rolling as her claws scrapped the BoneClan cats shoulder.

"Hey!" The she-cat backed into the tree, her eyes wide. "Whats wrong with you?" She hissed, anger clearly burning in the light blue eyes.

Owlpaw half-crouched as she looked at the cat. "Your on *my* lands, leave now before I make you." Owl paw bared her teeth, tail lashing.

The snowy-white cat sighed. Cocking her head at Owl paw. "Wait-MarbleClan?" The cat narrowed her eyes, "But.."

"I left MarbleClan!" Owl paw spat, standing up. "Now leave, while I still let you."

The white cat stood her ground, her gaze challaging as she watched Owl paw. "No."

This cat has some guts. Owl paw was impressed, most cats hated to see her bad side. Yet, this she-cat seemed just..mad. Owl paw narrowed her eyes, she though about just the moment before she had screeched at the cat, when she had still been in the tree. She had been mad *before* seeing Owl paw.

"What were you mad about?" Owl paw blurted, she didn't even mean to say her thoughts out loud. But, with a sigh from the she-cat, whom sat down, she was already wondering of the many thing that this BoneClanner might have wrong. "And..why were you outside your own lands, were you leaving BoneClan?" Owl paw waited for the replie, had another cat felt what she had? The pain of having your heart torn out?

The cat looked up, surpirse yet guilt shined in the bright blue eyes. "I-I wanted some time to thing." She muttered, cocking her head at Owl paw. "Your Owl paw, right? Word got out to both of the other Clans after you left, dawn protrols chatting like always."

Owlpaw nodded, *like always*. "Yes, so who are you?" She asked, adding "Its only fair I learn who you are."

The she-cat nodded, sighing. "I'm Snowypaw." She meowed, giving a

small smile. "So, why *did* you leave?"

The brown she-cat got to her paws, turning around. "I don't like small talk," She mewed, looking over her shoulder. ",but." She said, as the white cat seemed slightly crestfallen. "You can come here to..have yourself some time alone, just don't hunt here or tell *anyone* you've found me."

Snowypaw nodded quickly. "My muzzle is closed, i promise." She said, before looking up. "It was nice to meet you, Owlpaw." With that, Owlpaw had slipped into the bushes, going off to check her other scent-markers.

Snowypaw had headed back to camp, her eyes bright as she thought about her small talk with Owlpaw. And, she couldn't help but smile to herself as she thought of how she could somehow help. *Maybe!* She thought, smiling as she was greeted by Nightpaw and Raspberrypaw following with a curt nod.

35. Snowypaw, Great StarClan

Snowypaw P.O.V

Snowypaw stood at the end of the protrol. Her paws dragging as they re-marked the scent border. She sighed, looking up as she narrowed her eyes.

She couldn't seem to get the idea of helping Owlpaw out of her head. When she first met the cat, she had been angry, mad and slightly confushed. She had been in a fight with Nightpaw, mostly about how she spent more time with that rotten crimson she-cat than her *own SISTER!* But, Snowypaw didn't really want to be reminded about *that*.

She sighed, looking up to see Nightpaw was beside her. "What you day-dreaming about?" Nightpaw asked, cocking her head. "Hmmm?"

Snowypaw shrugged, "Nothing." She muttered, she had promised not to tell anyone about Owlpaw. And she kept her promises, no matter how much it pained her not to share this with her sister. "Where are we going, this is-" Snowypaw stopped, eyes widning. *Oh no!* This was *Owlpaw's* territory.

Russettail walked to her side. "It's where we think that rotting wast of time peice of crowfood, apprentice is." He stated, using his usual trashy way of talking. "We found scents, and blood of squirrel's."

Snowypaw forced her fur flat, her gaze flickering to Russettail. "Wait-that could be just a passing loner." She argrued, rising her head to her mentor. "Anyways, I was there once. Didn't see any life of a MarbleClan cat, anyways arn't they use to mountains?" She asked, her light blue gaze flickering to him. "So, wouldn't it make more sence that she've stayed near or somehow *on* that mountain?"

The red tabby growled, hitting her ears with his paw. She flinched at the pain, silently thanking StarClan that he had his claws sheathed. "Don't get smart with me, anyways where all close to MarbleClan so it doesn't matter."

Snowypaw silently cursed under her breath. How come this stuck-up tom could tell her what to do? *Hes your mentor!* Snowypaw thought to herself, but it still didn't matter!

She ran forward, leaping onto a near-by rock. She glared at her mentor, before turning and going into the forest. Could she somehow tell Owlpaw, before Russettail, or the protrol found her? She glanced back, Russettail was speaking to the group, not paying attenchen to her. "I have to!"

Snowypaw walked down the trail she had first seen Owlpaw on. She stopped beside the tree, sniffing at it before slipping into the bushes she had seen Owlpaw go in. She started following the scent, her gaze searching as she stopped. The scent forked, one was over-lapped with Owlpaw's scent from many times. While, the other was just one path.

The white cat flicked her ear, looking at the over-lapping scent. *She uses this path alot*, She thought, cocking her head. *I might be able to catch her most likely on this path.* Snowypaw started following the scent-path, her tail flicking aside a few leafs.

Snowypaw's ears prickled, her head jerked up as a twig snapped. She gave a short smile, as she saw Owlpaw standing expetingly with a mouse hanging from her jaw. "Owlpaw," She meowed, breathing a sigh of relief. She had found her before Russettail!

The brown she-cat sat down, crossing her long, white tail over her paws. "What is it, Snowypaw?" Owlpaw meowed. Setting the mouse at her paws, with a short sigh.

Snowypaw gave a sly grin, "So you remember my name?" She purred, her fluffy tail flicking. But, with the quick growl and frown from Owlpaw she sighed. "My Clan is looking for you, Russettail has a protrol coming here now." She explained, her gaze narrowing. "Your scent marks, and leaving a few peices of prey around has stirred trouble."

Owlpaw gritted her teeth, anger flashing in her misty eyes. "What!" Owlpaw spat, her fur bristling. But, than her head snapped to Snowypaw, an accusing glare blazed in her blue eyes. "Why have you risk getting in trouble, to tell me?" She stepped forward, Owlpaw's lip

pulled back into a snarl as Snowypaw crouched back, leaning back as Owl paw shoved her muzzle into her face. "Why?"

"I-" Snowypaw stood up, walking around Owl paw. "I just wanted you to have a chance, if a cat truly leaves their Clan. I believe it's for a reason, and *that's* why I want to help you." She replied, sighing as she shrugged. "And, well." Snowypaw stumbled on her words, why had she tried helping? After one meeting, after a few words, she hadn't thought about the risk of trying to help Owl paw. It was just something that had popped into her mind, after Russettail had said about searching in Owl paw's territory.

Owl paw raised an eyebrow. "Well?"

She swallowed, pawing the ground. "I had made a promise, and I keep my promises." Snowypaw replied coolly, her tail flicking to Owl paw's shoulder. "Anyways, why did you leave MarbleClan?" She asked, "You had your whole life ahead of you."

Owl paw snorted, waving her tail dismissively. "Nah, MarbleClan is going to still live, after 'bout a few moons they'll even forget I was there." She sighed, regret shined in her eyes for a second. Before smiling weakly, "Anyways, tell them you found me, than I ran." Owl paw meowed, giving a smile. "Try chasing after me, if you still have your breath they'll think you just let me go."

Snowypaw nodded, "Aren't I letting you just go, anyways?"

The brown cat shrugged, "It's called lying, faking and keeping your muzzle shut." Owl paw mewed, turning to run.

Snowypaw blinked, Owl paw really was fast! She started chasing after her, her paws thumping on the forest floor as she followed the white tail. She leaped, just barely hitting her hindfoot on a rotting log. She gritted her teeth, her vision starting to blur as she stumbled on a twisted root. "Owlpa-!" Snowypaw screeched as she fell, tumbling down a slope with her paws hitting the sloped-floor.

The brown cat had leaped onto a low-hanging branch. But now, she ran. Nearly leaping at Snowypaw as she grabbed Snowypaw's scruff. Snowypaw dangled on the ledge, her gaze blurred from running,

sides heaving as she took deep, shuddering breaths. Owlpaw's forepaws were dug into the earth, as she started dragging Snowypaw onto the solid ground.

The fluffy white she-cat dug her claws into the dirt. Burring her muzzle into the grass, as she looked up. "T-thank you!" She meowed, quickly getting to her paws. She stumbled, before resting her head onto Owlpaw's shoulder. "I-I could've fell, an-and."

Owlpaw gave her head a calming lick, before stepping back. "Your welcome, now stay here I got to run." Owlpaw meowed, she glanced back, her gaze lingering as she hesitently stepped back.

Snowypaw watched Owlpaw turn, then run her white tail trailing after the brown she-cat. She felt a pain in her heart, as she watched the she-cat run.

Great StarClan, what have a gotten myself into?

36. Nightpaw, Worrys

Nightpaw P.O.V

The oxyn she-cat flicked her tail lazily. It was raining, mud crumbled on her dark fur as she stared out at the drizzling water. She sighed, it had been none-stop looking for a she-cat named Owl paw, yet. They found no clues to where she was, they had explained the disappearance to Shycloud and Softcloud, and they said it was possible that Owl paw was one of them, lost and afriad.

But, also she noticed a change in her sister. Snowypaw had been sneaking out, getting lost in her head more than once and snapping at Russettail more often. Not only that, but the day they found her nearly half-passed out beside a slope that could've killed Snowypaw if she fell, she had explained she chased after Owl paw. But, than fell. Nightpaw remembered the day..

Nightpaw walked forward, the mix of two she-cat's scents were mingled, and she followed the path. Russettail was following, like always running his muzzle about something or another. She flicked a ear in annoyance, no wonder Snowypaw hated her mentor. He was an to prideful, little mouse-brained fox-heart whom thought only of himself. She paused, her paw hanging in the air for a moment before she screeched. "Snowypaw!" She raced to her sister's side, nudging the half-dazed apprentice awake. The white apprentice had one leg hanging over a dangouresly sharp, and deep, slope. Snowypaw seemed half-thrown onto the ground, mumbling something under her breath as Nightpaw shook her awake. Snowypaw blinked, squinting at Nightpaw before stumbling up. "Nightpa..?" The fluffy cat shook her coat, sighing as she looked up the moutain side. A longing look filled the bright blue orbs, before she blinked and looked at Nightpaw. "What happened?" Russettail shoved himself from behind a bush, growling with bared teeth. "We should ask you the same thing!" He spat, his tail lashing. The white she-cat growled, anger flashing in her eyes. "Well, i'm sooo sorry!" She hissed, "But I went after Owl paw, unlike you whom only talked and did nothing. I nearly had her, she ran and I followed." Snowypaw explained, her ear flicking to the forest, just oppisit of where she had just looked. "She saved me from falling, than ran off that way." Nightpaw looked over her sister, Snowypaw was tense. Her ear or

tail twitching, a small scent of fear starting to linger around her sister. But, than again she just nearly fell to her death, an out cast of an apprentice whom ran from her Clan had saved her. She looked at her sister, "So, she saved you-" Russettail hissed, cutting Nightpaw off. "So, you let an code-braker save your sorry tail?" He snapped, swipping at Snowypaw's ears, luckily the white cat ducked, barely having her ears battered. Smallminnow walked up, shaking her head. "Lets head back, we lost her and it's going to rain again." She ordered, looking sharply at Russettail as the younger tom went to argu. "Come on, before I tell Hickorystar of your useless bickering between your apprentice."

Russettail hissed, his eyes narrowing at the older she-cat, before pulling a sly grin. "Whatever you say, sweetheart!"

Smallminnow just turned, taking lead as the group walked back.

But, Nightpaw couldn't help but noticed how Snowypaw looked longingly at the mountain tops, were snow still stained the peaks of the MarbleClan mountain's.

"Nightpaw?" Rasp walked into the den, her amber gaze growing slightly narrowed. "What..are you doing?"

The black coat she-cat sat up, waving her tail. "Just thinking, why?" She asked, her head tilted sideways.

There was a slight gleam in Rasp's eyes as Nightpaw had tilted her head, this always seem to lighten Rasp's spirits, the slight thing that Nightpaw just..always did. The crimson tabby came to her side, curling at Nightpaw's side.

"Well, Blackrose said Snowypaw will be fine. A bit traumatic her experence, but nothing she can't handle." Rasp mewed, looking up to see Nightpaw's reaction.

Blank-faced, she cocked her head. "You checked in Snowypaw?" She asked bluntly, only to blink with her head jurking up. "Not that its a bad thing!" She quickly added, much to her surprise of Rasp looking so..dissapointed?

The crimson she-cat licked her paw, cleaning off her ears. "Well,

yeah. I just wanted you to know that your littermate is fine." She sighed, looking at her paws for a moment. She seemed lost for words, her ears flicking or tail lashing with her constantly rolling her shoulders. What was she waiting for? Or, better yet holding back to say? Nightpaw had belived she gotten Rasp's behaviors down, with being grumpy she stomped around like an angry badger or elder. When she was scared, she hid herself away and snapped out constantly, with being shy, (which never usually happens) or something like not saying something she needed to, she acted like this.

Nightpaw curled her paws under her chest, her tail curling to Raspberrypaw's flank. "What is it?" She muttered, cocking her head at Raspberrypaw.

Raspberrypaw blinked, her amber shaded orbs flickering to Nightpaw as she hesitently opened her jaws to speak. Just than, Blackrose walked in her gaze flashing to the she-cats.

"Am I interrupting something?" Blackrose meowed, frowning at the two apprentices.

Rasp quickly stood up, her amber eyes narrowing. "No, what is it?" She meowed sternly, clinching her jaw.

Nightpaw gave Blackrose a quick glare, before sitting up her gaze narrowing. "*What?*" She asked, sighing inwardly. *Rasp was about to talk! If Blackrose could just stayed out for two more seconds!*

The medicine cat sat down, curling her tail at her paws with a calm and steady gaze. "Snowypaw is fine, shes more relaxed, and completely able to continue training by tommarow." She meowed, "The only thing is, I want you two to keep an eye on her, she keeps mumbling stuff and..well." The medicine cat lowered her voice her gaze becoming foggy. "A darkness has come, and StarClan is useless to us now, so keep an eye out girls, and watch out for Snowypaw." With that, Blackrose stood up, leaving the two cats stunned, looking back at each other.

37. Fadedpaw, I Promise Owlpaw

Fadedpaw P.O.V

Fadedpaw sat in the den, his head rested on his paws as he gazed blankly at the rain. It was sun-high, rain fell repeatedly after Owlpaw had left MarbleClan. He sighed heavily, why, *why* had she left? He needed her, the fire in her words, the snappyness that showed her real emotion. He..he *needed* to see her ok, back in MarbleClan, carrying prey saying she had just needed time away. Yes, if this happen the Clan would be mad, yet he wouldn't. He would welcome her, to see the misty blue eyes, short, brown she-cat with her long, white tail that she usually smacks into cats faces.

There was a sudden jurk of the bushes, he blinked, looking up to see Riverpaw walk in. The fresh aroma of vole filled the den, the sickly sweetness making his mouth water. The gray tom walked to Fadedpaw's side, dropping the vole. Riverpaw rubbed his cheek with his muzzle, an worried cloud filled his eyes.

"You need to eat." Riverpaw mewed, sitting beside him. "You'll get sick if you don't." He added, as Fadedpaw went to protest.

Fadedpaw sat up, he stared at the vole, his belly churning. "I-" He was startled by a low growl that came from Riverpaw. He blinked, eyes wide as he thought he imagined it, he *had* to of. Had he ever heard the small cat growl before? *No, never! And never at me..*Fadedpaw swallowed as Riverpaw gave another growled.

"Eat, before I get Heatherrock!" Riverpaw threatened, his eyes narrowed determinedly. He gave Fadedpaw's cheek a quick lick, getting to his paws. "Eat, i'm joining Sundance to go searching for Owlpaw again, you can join *if* you eat first."

The faded-gray tom gave a short laugh, grinning. "Ok, boss." He mewed, poking Riverpaw's side. "I'll eat, just tell him to wait."

Riverpaw nodded, smiling. "Ok. That vole better be gone before I get back!" Riverpaw slipped out the den, his tail waving in far-well as he walked out.

The older tom sighed, he looked down at the vole, frowning slightly. He had loved Owlpaw as a sister, he always had. She had helped him after his mother died, even though he has shut everyone out. She still had gotten him to feel better, soon he had been able to become a real kit again. Then, when she turned to an apprentice just a moon before him, she still visited him and played even if Sundance had plans, she had made time for him.

He felt like a jerk, like the dim-witted tom he really was. He loves Riverpaw, it was no lie. But, when he seen how hurt Owlpaw was..it made him realize how she acted. The firey she-cat hid her feelings with snappiness, anger and always snarky comments... Yet, she hadn't always liked Riverpaw. When Fadedpaw spent more time with him, she had grown distant and grew more mad, more snappy towards him.

Fadedpaw felt his throat tighten. His eyes growing blurry as he held back unsheathed tears, *How blind could I have been?* He closed his eyes, swallowing back the cry as he got to his paws. He quickly slipped past the entrance, met by Riverpaw.

"Did you eat?" The younger tom asked, his eyes narrowing.

Fadedpaw shrugged, "Let's go find Owlpaw, I'll eat later." He said, only pushing past the tom as he walked to Sundance. He would find her, and somehow make this all right.

Somehow, and I promise this Owlpaw.

38. Riverpaw, Sandy Hollow

Riverpaw P.O.V

The air was damp, rain still fell endlessly as the three walked along the marble mountain. The gray tom walked beside Fadedpaw, the older tom had been the most heart broken when Owl paw ran away. He knew that she was fiery, a bossy, demanding and high-expecting she-cat. He also knew, that Fadedpaw and Owl paw shared history. And, Riverpaw had always eyed her for that. Yet, now he felt bad. Why hadn't he seen the way Owl paw felt about Fadedpaw?

Had I stood in her way? Riverpaw sighed inwardly, had he made Owl paw mad at Fadedpaw? Had *he* made her run away, what if she hadn't been there at that moment? What if..

He felt a nudge on his shoulder, he looked up from the path his eyes meeting Fadedpaw's. "Are you ok?" Fadedpaw muttered, his muzzle stretched into a frown.

Riverpaw shrugged, he looked up feeling his stomach curl. He hated water, and walking in the rain made him *nu*rves, *very* *nu*rves. Anything could happen, rocks got loose and fell, landslides, or a new river was overflowing, floods...

"Riverpaw?"

"Oh!-" Riverpaw blinked, jerked from his thoughts he gave a faint smile. "Sorry, I'm fine." He replied, his tail flicking to Fadedpaw's ear. "How are you?" He shivered, the water was seeping through his thin fur and it chilled him to the bones. *How much longer can I do this?* He had only agreed to come, to help rest Fadedpaw's mind.

The faded-gray tom shrugged in reply. His gaze searching the mountains. "I'm worried, if she is still in the mountains..or anywhere near BoneClan." He sighed suddenly, shaking his head. "It's useless, if we could've stopped her and just *talked*. This..this *all* could've been stopped!"

Suddenly, the golden-brown warrior stopped, turning to them.

"Owlpaw is a strong cat, and can take care of herself. Unlike us, were going to catch greencough if we keeo walking. So lets wait this out in an cave, or head back to camp."

Riverpaw blinked, he felt Fadedpaw tense up beside him. *Uh-oh.*

"What? You want to just *give up!*" Fadedpaw hissed, his ears flatting. "Owlpaw was your apprentice, don't you care what happens to her?" He growled, anger boiling in his voice. "What if *she* gets sick? We *need* to find her!"

Sundance nodded, he sighed too only closing his eyes before turning leading them down an crosd-path. Then, they stopped before a shallow, sandy earthy den. Bushes were rooted in the sand, protecting the den's entrence from the rain. "Here, I'll go hunting. You two stay here, and rest up."

Fadedpaw shoved pasted Sundance, his face unreadable as he went into the darkness.

Riverpaw just nodded, sharing a conserved look with the warrior before following Fadedpaw into the den. He sighed, curling up beside him. "I'm cold." He mumbled, shivering as he tryed licking clean his tail.

Its no use! I'm wet, cold and just shoked to the b- Riverpaw blinked, Fadedpaw had sat up and started licking away water droplets from his shoulder and ears. Soon, both apprentices were dry, huddled beside each other. Riverpaw buried his head into Fadedpaw's shoulder.

Soon, the gray tom fell asleep, the sound of Fadedpaw's breath beside his ear as he drifted off with the rain pounding outside the sandy den.

39. Mintpaw, Tears

Mintpaw P.O.V

Mintpaw stood outside the medicine cat's den. She had convinced Wishpaw, and Snowpaw to join her with hunting this thing down, mostly after she explained that there were others with the same problems and it was *their* job to kill it, or put it back to sleep how Shycloud and Softcloud had explained.

She waited, as Snowpaw came out followed by Wishpaw. "Ready?"

Snowpaw flicked her ear, she wasn't really a bad cat. She just didn't like the thought of dying, Wishpaw still thought they were overreacting and that "The loner" was just that, a *loner*.

For StarClan's sake, its anything but that! Mintpaw sighed inwardly, she just wanted her life back to normal. But, with Flintpaw gone and she having to deal with this. Would any of the cats have normal lives again? *Probably not.* She thought gloomily.

Wishpaw nodded, her bright silver-blue patched fur was fluffed up her feathery tail waving in the air. "I can't wait to meet these other cats, what are their names again?"

"Nightpaw, Snowpaw and Raspberrypaw." Mintpaw replied, shaking her head. "Watch out for Raspberrypaw, she'll be..very strange at times."

Snowpaw looked at her, blinking. "Strange?" She asked, before muttering. "Really? Don't we have enough strangeness around already?"

The brown she-cat nodded, they did and frankly it was tiring to know that a crow-food smelling thing stalked her forest! Why? Why know, why *them*? She didn't like to complain, but this was something she could, and *would* complain about! "Com'on, before they leave us behind." She ordered, not waiting for the annoyed reply from Snowpaw.

...MINTPAW!...

The brown she-cat sat beside Nightpaw, her ears flat as the black tabby explained everything.

"So, what Owlpaw is suppose to be "one of us"?" Mintpaw asked, shifting. "So, what we need to find her before MarbleClan does or something?"

Nightpaw shrugged, "Well, we know the name Riverpaw in MarbleClan, we found out him and a tom named Fadedpaw were friends with her." She explained, "And Fadedpaw and Owlpaw could be the last two cats that we need to find."

Snowypaw got to her paws, giving a small hiss. "Well, I know Fadedpaw. We meet at my first Gathering." She explained, flicking her tailtip. "So come on, lets find Owlpaw's friends."

Mintpaw followed, she stiffened beside Wishpaw as the silver spotted tabby walked to close for comfort. "Space," she hissed, her gaze narrowing at Wishpaw whom gave a sheepish smile.

"Sorry!" Wishpaw mewed, pawing at the ground. "I-I'm just scared, what if..what if us all together isn't strong enough?"

Mintpaw shrugged. Her gaze narrowing, this thing had killed to mamy kits and apprentices, and it killed Flintpaw. She already hated the monster, so if they lost. Well, than she would *die* before losing. "Than, well die losing." She replied, anger swelling into her voice.

Wishpaw nodded, but her eyes went wide. "Really?" She whimpered softly, "I don't want to die, Mintpaw."

The mint-green orbs flickered to Wishpaw. She felt a twig of regret in her heart. Wishpaw was the youngest out of all, she didn't really deserve to try and die at the paws of this StarClan forbidden monster. "I won't let us lose, Wishpaw." She growled heavily, anger blazing in her eyes. "For all whom died, for Flintpaw, for us."

The silver spotted tabby nodded, seeming to relax. "Ok, thanks Mintpaw."

"Hey, you two coming?" Raspberrypaw hissed, her shaded amber eyes narrowed at them both.

Mintpaw started walking, her ears flattening as she spotted a small gray-and-white tom next to a bit taller, yet still a runty tom with a faded gray coat.

The smaller one was leaning against the faded coated tom. "Yes, we've seen..this thing." The tom mewed, his ears pricked. "Owlpaw too, we tried to never speak of it. And get on with our lives as normal as possible..."

"Riverpaw, we don't even know these cats." The faded tom hissed, "They could-"

Mintpaw stepped forward, her ears flattening. "Look mouse-brain, we need your help to kill, or put this thing back to sleep!" Mintpaw hissed, her teeth baring. "So, you and small-kit over there need to listen up. We need to find Owlpaw, then defeat this thing so we can move on. I'm tired of seeing my Clanmates being food for a disgrace to StarClan!"

Riverpaw shrank back, he looked frightened his eyes wide. "We were sorry." He whispered, "We'll help, right Fadedpaw?"

Fadedpaw growled, he flattened his ears. But, with a sigh he closed his eyes nodding. "If we find Owlpaw, if not.." Fadedpaw trailed off, he sat up giving his chest fur a few licks. "Ok, we agree for now."

Raspberrypaw nodded, getting to her paws. "Good, then we need to get back to our own Clans, the Gathering is over anyhow." The crimson she-cat meowed, "Well meet here at next Gathering, ok?"

Mintpaw nodded, waving her tail for Wishpaw and Snowpaw. "Agreeded, com'on, before they get on our tails about being late."

The three different groups agreeded, then they went to their Clans. Mintpaw walked with the two other cats, her head lowered with an tired sigh. *Meeting, talking, agreeing to meet up. This is all..not right.* Mintpaw closed her eyes, why did this happen now? Why not..why not have it happen later?

But, Mintpaw felt a small flicker of hope. Maybe Flintpaw watched from upabove? In the stars up high, where he could help lead MeadowClan, and all the others to save the rest three Clans? Mintpaw stopped walking, she blinked as a bright misty form watched from the shadows, she gapped her eyes wide as she saw the stars dancing at the cats paws.

The StarClan tom smiled, walking forward as he was just a few mouse-lengths ahead of her. "I'm always watching Mintpaw, and will be here with you always." He whispered, his forehead pressing to Mintpaw's.

The brown she-cat gave a weak whimper, her bottom lip quivering. "Flintpaw.." She blinked, closing her eyes as her nose flooded with the scent of her past Clanmate. Then, in a moment Flintpaw was gone leaving her to rub off salty tears from her cheeks.

40. Owlpaw, Arrow

Owlpaw P.O.V

Owlpaw stalked forward, her paw lightly stepped onto the short, thick mountain grass. She gave a deep breath, it had been maybe a whole moon sence she had left MarbleClan. And, after she had to move she had stayed in a few small dens. Than, she found a spot, an large enough den with a large tree beside it, the roots came to the side, going up to the top with them sprawling out to hang over the den's entrence. Bushes covered around the front, keeping it well stayed put.

She flicked her ear, her gaze narrowing at the small shrew only a few lenghs away from her. She leaped, catching the shrew as she bit down, warm blood filled her mouth as she killed the small animal. Picking up the shrew she started paddling back to her den, her gaze flashing around the mountain tops. She lived far enough from MarbleClan that they'll never know she was so close. Yet, she did something wish to go and follow the scent of Sundance, or Fadedpaw when she caught their scent trails.

Owlpaw sighed, shivering as she got to her den. The sandy flooring was welcoming, with the scent of herself, the dryness of the sand and moss. The tree had oftened dropped leafs, now only a few still stayed on. *Leaffall is nearing an end, and leafbare will be coming soon.*

She dropped the shrew curling into her nest. With the fresh-kill between her paws she started lazily chewing at the shrew. There was a small noise, something of pawsteps with the small chatter of voices. Owlpaw's ears prickled, her tail flicking at her side as she waited expectingly at the tree-root blocked entrence. Than, there was a shadow as two cats came up, one was a large tom, he was a stormy gray with darker muddy paws and the other a she-cat with a kit hanging from her jaw.

"Hey, stop there!" Owlpaw leaped up, ears flat as she bared her teeth. "Your on *my* lands!"

The she-cat's eyes widen, as she fell to her knees. The tom, also

seeming frightened by Owl paw's sudden outburst stumbled over his own paws.

The tom shook his pelt, "We're sorry, please..we need help." He meowed, "Shore is sickly, and her kit.."

Owl paw quickly picked the kit up, her heart beating. She set the small kit, a tom from what she thought, and into her nest before turning to the two cats. "Come, it's not safe for a young kit to be out."

The tom blinked, his bright green eyes widening. "What do you mean, we've been fine." He replied, but then seemed to shrink. "Nevermind, you live here longer than us.."

Owl paw watched the tom, before helping the she-cat to a sandy spot. "She has blackcough, it's.." She swallowed, backing up from the she-cat, Shore, and covered her own maw with her long tail. "Get away, unless you want to catch it."

The tom stepped back, his own gaze turning cloudily. "What? Is..can you help Shore?"

Owl paw gazed at the tom, giving a faint shake of her head. "No.." She whispered, "My father had this, and he died. She's even worse, with no medicine cat's around."

Shore blinked, tears welling into the queen's orange eyes. "What? My son..!"

Owl paw walked to the kit, sitting beside it she blinked. "I'll protect him, you-" Owl paw looked at the tom, "-talk with her, or whatever before.."

Shore nodded, rolling onto her side as she propped herself up. "Before I die." The queen meowed, finishing Owl paw's sentence.

The gray tom blinked back tears, his bottom lip quivering. "No, I can't lose you, not after we lost our brother." He sat beside his sister, his head hanging. "A-and I don't know how to take care of kits-"

Owl paw tuned them out, she knew this tom would be lost once this Shore cat died. And, for the small tom-kit, he'll need help. Not from

some lost tom, that seemed near Owlpaw's own age. She curled into the nest, pushing aside the shrew carcass as she gazed at the small kit. The tom-kit was an muddy brown, darker brown covered his ears, chest, paws and tailtip. He had short fur, expect for the bushy, alnost squirrel like tail.

"Excuse me..." The tom looked at Owlpaw, blinking at her with glittering eyes. "W-will you help me,.. help me take care of Arrow?"

Owlpaw lifted her head, meeting the teary green eyes, she glanced at the she-cat. Whom was still, her jaw slightly hanging open with her eyes glazed over. Returning her gaze to the tom, she gave a short nod. "Arrow," She muttered, gazing at the kit that curled at her belly fur. ", fine. What is your name?"

"Ebony." The tom replied, his gaze lifting. "I-I can hunt, swim and help keep your den stay clean!" He stumbled, his ears prickling. "A-and, make sure that Arrow cause no problems."

The she-cat nodded slowly, she really didn't want to have more mouths to feed. Herself, alone was fine. Yes, she missed her Clanmates. But, she *never* needed new cats, to come and mess up her own life. But, as she gazed at the kit, Arrow, she felt her heart skip. She couldn't let the monster get this kit, It had killed to many kits and apprentices.

Owlpaw sighed, looking up. "Fine, i'm Owlpaw." She meowed, "I run this den, if you mess up. Your out, you'll stay away from the Clans!" She rised to her paws, growling as she shoved her muzzle into Ebony's face. "Understand?"

Ebony blinked, his eyes wide. "I understand!" He whimpered, shrinking from under her stare. But, as Arrow started mewling, he looked from over Owlpaw's shoulder and blinked. "He's crying for Shore.."

Owlpaw lashed her tail, turning to the kit. She curled beside him, calmly smoothing down the kit with gentle purrs. "Shh, Ebony." She looked up, "Don't you want to..burie your sister?"

The gray tom nodded, his eyes clouding over with raw sorrow. "Yes,

I-I do." Than, with that the den fell quiet.

...Owlpaw!...

Srry, its a short chap but *finally* I got Arrow in! Hes going to play a big role, even if hes mostly a second dary character! But ya, hope ha had a nice time reading! ~ *Crimson!*

41. Raspberrypaw, Dreams

Raspberrypaw P.O.V

The grass swayed at the crimson tabby's paws the dark shade of amber orb's flashing to her surroundings. She was in a grassland, buds of white flowers sprouted at her paws, spreading like fallen stars in the meadow. Trees edged the meadow, with bushes and shrubs eating away at the tree's end and the grassy meadow's start. The young she-cat looked up, squinting as she lashed her tail baring her teeth at the dark blue sky. Stars dotted the darkness, a thin claw-moon shined dimly in the star-filled sky.

Than, one star started to shine, moving down as more followed, soon, five, than seven than ten StarClan cats stood in front of her. One long-haired golden tabby moved forward. With brimmed white chest fur, and paws dark emerald green eyes looked sorrowfully at her.

"Raspberrypaw." The she-cat whispered, blinking. "Welcome."

Raspberrypaw shook her head, growling. "Where am I?" She meowed, unsheathing her claws. Why was she here? How was she here, this wasn't a place she knew. Or, anywhere close of BoneClan! "And, who are you?"

An dark brown-red tom stepped up, giving a faint growl. "Were the first ten, or second to say." The tom meowed, his voice was gruff and scratchy. "I'm Addertongue." He said, dipping his head. "My line, is of Nightpaw and Snowypaw."

The first cat, the golden flowing haired she-cat, moved beside him. "And I'm Mothear, Riverpaw is my line." She spoke softly, her voice carrying like the wind. The she-cat had a strong herb-like scent, which made Raspberrypaw's mind flicker into what Shycloud and Softcloud had told her, Mothear was a medicine cat.

"And those are.." Raspberrypaw blinked, taking one step back as the ten cats stood closely. Beside Addertongue, a dark glossy black tom announced his name as Hickorysong, he was the line that Raspberrypaw came from. Than, beside Mothear two sisters, Teasquirrel and Bittersquirrel, a white and gray set of she-cats with matching mixed green and yellow eyes, announced being the line of Fadedpaw, than Frostfrog,

Grasshopperleg and Silkeye's.

Than, out of this all two toms walk out, they were stalky and had broad shoulders and heads, with smaller ears, and bushy tails they looked the same. But, one was a deep oak-brown tabby tom with all white paws, ears and muzzle. While, the other one was all white, dark muddy stripes and chest covered the tom.

Hazelnut and Chestnut. Raspberrypaw blinked, she felt her heart pound in her chest. These were the cats whom had been able to make peace, to put the monster roaming the Clan's forest back to sleep. She rised her head, strighting her poster as she gazed at all ten.

Mothear smiled, as she sat down. "Your strong, Raspberrypaw." The medicine cat meowed, her ear flicking. "But, you'll need all of you to defeat It." She warned, rising her gaze. "I remember Hickorysong being like that."

The glossy tom hissed, poking Mothear in the side. "What-Me? No!" Hickorysong lashed his tail, dark amber eyes flickering to her. "Mothear is right, I was like that trying to defend my friends..I was reckless, and it got me into trouble." He meowed, looking down at his paws.

Raspberrypaw's gaze followed, till she almost gasped at Hickorysong's paws. The left forepaw was twisted, half his oaw was missing, large teeth marks grazing the side. She shuddered, her own eyes narrowing as she fought control to gag at the sight. "I-It did that to you?" Raspberrypaw asked, swallowing back the bile rising in her throat.

Hickorysong nodded, putting a sly grin on. "Got mouse-bile near ya, girl?" He meowed, coming to nudge her shoulder playfully. "Don't worry, you'll get use to it!"

Use to it? The crimson tabby turned to her great-great-great-or however needed great's, grandfather. "You mean, I'll see you all once more?"

Addertounge nodded, "Yup, got a thinker there, Hickorysong!" He chuckled, "Unlike someone I know." The dark brown-red tom added, earning a glare from the glossy tom.

"Whatever." Hickorysong grumbled, going to sit beside Teasquirrel. "But,

we'll be here to guide you, or whatever were suppose to say." He sighed, rolling his eyes as Mothear complained about him not taking this seriesly.

Raspberrypaw watched the two cats bicker, than sighed. But, she noticed how the wind changed. The trees started twisting, bushes started having twigs ripped from their spots. Leafs were flying in the wind, the grass starting to cut at her paws. "Umm..." She dug her claws into the ground, looking up worriedly. What was happening?

Mothear got up, she walked up her gaze soft. "Its time for you to wake up, just remember. Stay in a group, never leave each other alone. And never let fear lead you, thats how It feeds." She warned, stepping back as the ground seemed to turn into mist. The ten cats started dissappering, letting Raspberrypaw to close her eyes,

than she opened her amber orbs, blinking out sleep as she gazed at Nightpaw..

42. Fadedpaw, Warrior Name's

Fadedpaw P.O.V

The forest was blurry, as the gray faded tom walked slowly with Riverpaw. He shivered, a cold chill was hanging over the mountains. He worried about Owl paw, the older she-cat would be alone, cold and fighting for food. He lashed his tail, anger boiling in his mind, he had been searching for over the moon Owl paw had been gone. And, in those days he had been getting a bad blur in his eyes, he noticed it over a few days ago, at the Gathering. But, he just thought it was him being tired, after a long night that had followed the long moon of searching.

He stumbled, his claws unsheathing as he tried to get a grip on the stone. "R-Riverpaw?" He mewed, looking up. A flash of blurry gray stood in front of him, blue fuzzed orbs glowing in the fuzzy haze.

"You ok, you've..been stumbling around." Riverpaw meowed softly, he nudged Fadedpaw's shoulder helping the older tom up.

Fadedpaw nodded, giving a forced smile. "Why wouldn't I be?" He asked, flicking away the question with his own. He didn't need Riverpaw to find out about his eyes, they had much more trouble than some blurriness of Fadedpaw's eyes. "Anyways, isn't it slippery on this path? Its almost entirely iced over."

Riverpaw nodded, poking at the icy trail. "Hmph, it is.." He muttered, but looked up at Fadedpaw with curious blue eyes. "Is..that it?"

Fadedpaw hissed, almost feeling bad as Riverpaw shrank before him. He lashed his tail, giving a curt nod forward. "Lets keep going, ok?" He sighed, forcing himself to use a softer voice. He really didn't want to scare Riverpaw, but he didn't want to have to reveal his blurriness of his eyes.

Riverpaw nodded, striding up as he gave Fadedpaw's ears a brisk lick before they continued down the trail.

...Fadedpaw...

Fadedpaw stopped at the camp's entrance. He stiffened as he squinted, his vision was becoming way too blurry to even walk. He shivered, would he not be able to become a warrior? Or worst, fall prey to It and not be able to help his friends? He swallowed back a sharp cry, as he jerked his paw up. The salty taste of blood filled his nose as he licked at his paw.

"What happened?" The sound of paws trampled to him, as he recognized Sundance's voice. There was a pause, before the warrior started speaking. "Looks like a bad cut, go to Heatherrock before your ceremony."

Ceremony? Fadedpaw's head shot up, he almost forgot that it was his and Riverpaw's ceremony. Even though Riverpaw was almost two whole moons younger than he, Tigerstar had found it more "better to keep the younglings together with their lives", or whatever junk she always said.

Riverpaw came to his side, his tail resting onto Fadedpaw's shoulder. "Need help walking?" Riverpaw asked softly, his ocean blue eyes brimmed in worry.

Fadedpaw found anger burning in his belly. He didn't need help walking, he had four paws and two eyes! But, as he went to make the anger burn into his words, he tensed up. Riverpaw was standing, waiting for an reply with patient, yet worried eyes. "I..sure,"

...Fadedpaw...

Fadedpaw stood beside Riverpaw. His head raised as he squinted to see Tigerstar up on a rock. His head was raised in pride, as he felt Riverpaw shift beside him. He and his friend were going to become warriors! He felt a small jab of guilt, Owl paw should've had her name a moon before him.

What would her name be? Fadedpaw thought, blinking. Owl paw was fast, with sharp tongue and cunning. But, he couldn't imagine any name she would've had...

Riverpaw nudged his shoulder, as Tigerstar cleared her throat silencing the talking Clan.

"Today, two young toms are going to become warriors." Tigerstar meowed, flicking her ear. "Riverpaw, Fadedpaw do you promise to uphold the warrior code? To save your Clanmates, at the cost of your lives?"

Fadedpaw swallowed, he nodded "I do." He meowed, Riverpaw echoed "I do" after him.

Tigerstar smiled, "Than, before our warrior ancestors I give you the names of Riverwind and Faded sight." She gave Faded sight a long look, as if accusing him of something. Yet, he knew what it was. His warrior name was a hint, Tigerstar knew that his eye sight was failing and she was challenging him right before the whole Clan without any words.

"Riverwind! Faded sight! Riverwind! Faded sight!" Their Clanmates cheered their new names, yowling it beyond the mountain peaks.

Riverwind nudged his shoulder, eyes wide. "Were warriors!" He squeaked like a kit seeing his first snow. "Were *really* warriors!"

Faded sight smiled, he felt his heart skip a beat as he gazed at the happy newly-warrior. "Yes, we are." He muttered, rising his muzzle to the sky.

And so should Owl paw be.

43. Snowypaw, A Talk With A Withered Rose

Snowypaw P.O.V

Snowypaw sat beside a pool of water, she dipped her paw into the cold puddle as the wind whistled. It was mid-leaffall and the coldness stung each Clan to its roots.

The fluffy white she-cat sighed, shaking her head as leaves fell onto her coat. "Urah!" She growled, clawing at a falling leaf. She bared her teeth, as her claws dragged threw the leaf tearing it in mid-air as it trumbled down.

"Having trouble?" Blackrose walked from behind a bush, dark green leaves dropping from at the medicine cat's paws.

Snowypaw lashed her tail, "What do you mean, can't I stand alone for two seconds?" She snapped, before flattening her ears. "Sorry." She muttered, embarrassment flooding threw her, making her ears feel hot.

The BoneClan medicine cat nodded, sitting down where she stood. "So, needing time away from Nightpaw, Raspberrypaw?" Blackrose asked, blinking at the apprentice.

Snowypaw looked at her paws, of course she needed time away. She couldn't talk with Nightpaw without Raspberrypaw around, or glaring her down. And, to say not only that. She worried about the MarbleClan outcast, Owl paw. It was *leaffall* for StarClan's sake! What would she do, away from her Clan trying to hunt alone? Live in the coldness, up in the rocky mountains? This had been eating at Snowypaw, what would become of Owl paw, if she got too weak to even hunt? Not less, try to run from the three Clans, along with it?

"Just, needed time to think without being crowded." Snowypaw replied, giving a faint sigh. "Blackrose, has.."

"No." Blackrose spoke quickly, her gaze narrowing at Snowypaw. "StarClan is silent, and trying to speak to them..is useless."

Useless? Snowypaw blinked, swallowing as she shivered. "Y-you mean StarClan has..left us?"

Blackrose stood up, lashing her tail as she gathered the herbs. "Maybe, or they are silent to me." The medicine cat shrugged, "Does it matter? StarClan is so powerful, untill they become useless to the living."

The white fluffy she-cat bristled at this, staring in disbelief, horror, and concern. If Blackrose, their *medicine cat* belived this, than was it true? Was StarClan useless in this spot, could their ancestors not help them and had abandoned them to become prey? She swallowed, looking up at the black tabby with fear.

There was a heavey silence. Before Blackrose walked away, her tail lashing as she disappered into the bushes.

Srry, its short but I felt like this was needed into the story line! A small talk between Blackrose and Snowypaw, just because Blackrose is a med, and they usually speak with StarClan and are importian. Unlike, in this book so far! So..ya. Anyways, hope ya enjoyed! ~ *Crimson*

44. Owlpaw, Back To Hunting Me

Owlpaw P.O.V

Owlpaw sat down, her tail curled at her paws as she watched Arrow pounce after a falling leaf. She purred, amusement shining in her misty blue eyes as the young tom-kit fell onto his back.

"Your tripping over your own paws?" Owlpaw let out a mrowed of laughter, smiling as Arrow sat up. "Here, look try this." She crouched down, her paws placed firmly on the ground as she looked up. Her tail lifted just above the stone floor, her gaze flickered to Arrow.

The kit copied with she did, just having an slopper form as he looked up with shiny yellow eyes. "Like this?"

Owlpaw nodded, poking his side as Arrow nearly fell to his left. "Yep, now watch." Owlpaw looked up, she waited for a leaf to fall, then leaped. Her long legs letted her jump high, as she batted at the leaf she caught it between her paws.

Arrow jumped up, completely abandoning his crouch as he watched with wide eyes. "Can you teach me that?" Arrow asked, hopping around on his paws. "Pleaseeee?"

Owlpaw purred, shaking the leaf off her paws. "Of corse, Arrow." She meowed, flicking her ear. "But, your still young. Lots of time to learn, enjoy your kit-hood for now." She sighed, shaking her head. If she had time to redo her kit-hood, she would do stuff alot differently.

Arrow shrugged, "But Owwwwl!" He whined, before perking up as Ebony walked in with a few mice hanging from his jaw. "Uncle!"

Ebony smiled, dropping his catch as he gave Arrow's head a brisk lick. "Hey buddy, what are you doing?"

Arrow hopped around Ebony's paws, smiling widely. "Owl was helping me with my crouch, she got a leaf out of the air!" He exclaimed, hopping around to the leaf that still laid on the sandy ground.

Ebony smiled, going to sit in the corner with a mouse at his paws. "Cool, so teaching him to hunt before even four moons?"

Owlpaw hissed, hitting Ebony's ears with her paw. "No, just life stuff." She meowed, grabbing a mouse as she curled into her nest. Arrow stumbled after her, snuggling up to her as she chewed on the fresh-kill.

...*Owlpaw*...

Owlpaw leaped onto a rock, lashing her tail as Ebony followed closely with Arrow. They were exploring the territory, after she had explained how dangerous the Clans were, and how MarbleClan kept getting too close to the den, that they needed to set scent markers or leaving.

Ebony stopped, waiting as Arrow scrambled up the trail. "Owl, Arrow's getting tired quickly." He mewed, lifting the young tom up to their side.

Owlpaw growled, of course Arrow would be tiring. She knew that, anyways they *needed* to be safe. And, setting scent marks was the best safety they could have. "I know, com'on Arrow its only a little further, and then we can find a spot to sleep."

Owlpaw lifted Arrow up, carrying the kit as they kept walking the trail up. She stopped, waiting as an hawk flew overhead with a sharp cry. Then, she started trailing after the hawk. If the hawk was hunting, then it could lead them to prey. And prey always made grumpy cats more quiet.

She dropped Arrow at an small cave entrance, flicking her tail over his muzzle before he could talk. "Shh, me and Uncle Ebony are gonna get some food. So keep low, stay *silent* and keep hidden." She ordered in a whisper, turning to the gray tom. "Come on, before the hawk get away."

Ebony nodded slowly, but in a second his eyes went wide jaw dropping. "H-hawk? Were going to hunt a *hawk*?" He padded to her side, blinking down at her. "What-thats suicide!"

Owlpaw flicked her tail dismissively. "No its not, just hunt with many other cats to take one down." She replied calmly, she leaped onto a rock. Stopping to roll into a muddy-wet sand spot. She shook her pelt, looking up as the wet sand plastered to her pelt. "Get in, so were not spotted easier."

Ebony hesitated, but yelped as Owlpaw pushed him into the sand. "Hey! Why'd you do that?" He whined, but stilled rolled in the sand as ordered to. He stood up, with wide eyes as he shook each paw as he walked onto the rock.

Purring with musment, she shook her head. "Because, your to much of a scardy mouse to even get your paws in mud. So, I helped." She smiled at the half angered and half embaressed look that flashed across Ebony's face.

Soon, the two cats werw in place. A mouse nibbled on a seed between them, which was the bait for the *real* prey. She waited patiently, crouched with her hind paws pressed into the rock, ready to leap. Soon, the hawk circled the mouse before diving.

Owlpaw leaped, her claws hooked into the hawk's wing as her added weight started dragging the bird down. Soon, Ebony jumped from his spot, his claws dug, and drawing across the hawk's exposed belly. Blood splashed the stone, a red spot among all the gray's of the mountain. Than, within a heart beat, the hawk was laying dead in a pool of its own blood.

Ebony licked a paw, running it over a blood splash on his face. He grinned, purring loudly as he gave Owlpaw's cheek a lick. "That was great! We *killed* a *hawk*!" He exclaimed happily as he studied the fresh-kill.

Owlpaw felt heat flush to her face, her ears pinning back onto her head as she nodded. "Corse, all MarbleClan cats learn during their apprenticeship how to hunt a hawk, or any big birds in the mountain."

Ebony nodded, a he picked a gray-and-brown feather from the hawk. He padded to her, slipping the feather behind her ear. "There, now a hunter can prise her work."

Owlpaw smiled, feeling the most relaxed sence she left MarbleClan. Or, to say sence she had ever left the nursery. "What 'bout you? You helped give the final blow!" She meowed, getting to her paws.

Ebony shrugged, "My mother always wore a feather or flower behind her ear, or some hind of herb or something on her pelt." He meowed, flicking his tail. "And, well toms don't usually ware stuff like that. My mother did, so did my aunt's and sisters."

The brown she-cat nodded, so it was a family thing. She paused, cocking her head slightly. *A family thing.* "Why..why share it with me?"

The gray tom shrugged once again, but she noticed a faint discomfort as he started picking the hawk up. "Umm..just cause," He muttered threw the feathers, as they started walking back.

Owlpaw nodded, but paused half-way down the trail. Lifting her head as she opened her jaw slightly, a fresh, and reconnizable scent was blowing on the breeze. She stiffened, closing her eyes as she noticed the crowfood tint over the scent. Than, she blinked as she spotted a pool of blood that had dripped from the hawk, form into the two lines, ending into a muzzle-shaped end.

One thought blurred threw her mind, flowing with a sudden fear. "Its back to hunting me.."

45. Snowberry, Meetings

Snowberry P.O.V

The night air was crisp, a chill ran threw all three Clans as four moss-and-mud covered she-cats stalked to the edge of their territory. One white moss covered cat looked up, giving a sigh as they padded into a clearing were five other cats sat.

"Mintleaf, Snowberry, and Wishsong A black she-cat greeted, dipping her head. "You made it!"

Mintleaf snorted, sitting down. "Corse we made it, why wouldn't we?" She asked, looking at the black tabby.

"Don't know, anyways." She said, shrugging off the question. "Fadesight was saying that they found tracks of three cats in the mountains, followed of one tracks was the scent of Owl paw."

Faded sight? Snowberry looked up, "You'all got your 'names?"

The faded gray tom nodded, "Yes, me and Riverwind." He replied, yet he shifted in his spot as he squinted at her.

Whats wrong with him? Snowberry opened her maw to speak, but was cut off as Raspberry fur spoke.

"Owl paw, so we think she is with a tom, and a kit." Raspberry fur meowed, filling in what the MeadowClan cats missed.

Mintleaf looked up, her minty green eyes flashing. "So what, Owl paw got a kit in the time she left?"

Faded sight hissed, "No, one the kit is to big to be a newborn. And two, it didn't carry her scent. And, well Owl paw had no milky-scent over her usual smell." He snapped, only relaxing when Riverwind muttered something.

There was a stillness, till Mintleaf gave a curt nod. "Ok, so she got a small group or what?"

Nightmoon shook her head, "No. A scent line of where she lives. And..we found a spot were the three cats were staying, an open sandy den with a large tree covering it." The black she-cat explained. "But, they moved somewhere else."

Riverwind nodded, ocean blue eyes narrowing. "Me and Faded sight have searched half the territory, before having to head back in." He mewed, flicking his ear. "Sadly, we can only get away before someone notices our disappearance."

Snowberry shook her pelt, giving her chest fur a few licks. Mud plastered to her white pelt, leaving it sticky and uncomfortable. "So, just explain your looking for Owlpaw. Arn't your Clan putting a good price to find this cat?"

The two toms nodded, but shared a concerned look. "Yes..but if she needs *us* before she needs the Clan, well we have to find her first." Riverwind explained, shaking his head. "It was me and Faded sight whom upseted her, we have to make that right before she can come back."

Upseted? Snowberry blinked, how could two toms upset *one* she-cat enough to *run* away from her Clan? "By doing what? How can you run off a she-cat from her home?"

Faded sight bared his teeth, growling. "None of your buisness!" He snapped, lashing his tail as he crouched. "Anyways, this doesn't help Owlpaw or us in any way. So why did we need to meet here Raspberry fur?"

The crimson she-cat stood up, jumping onto a rock as she looked down. "Because, It is roaming free. Eating more, and more of our Clanmates." She meowed, "When we find Owlpaw, well hunt It down. And put it back into hibernation once more, just like our ancestors did."

Snowymoon nodded, followed by Nightmoon than the rest. "And what if Owlpaw refushes to help?" Wishsong asked.

This time, Snowymoon spun around hissing. "She will help!" The white cat lashed her tail, blinking as the group shared shocked looks.

"What? We are spending time, and energy looking for her. And, FadedSight and Riverwind are her friends, so..so she'll have to help us!"

Nightmoon nodded. "I agree with my sister, why wouldn't Owlpaw help us to kill, or put It back to sleep?" She asked, shifting in her spot as she looked up at RaspberryFur. "So, whats the plan Rasp?"

RaspberryFur smiled for a second, before turning her gaze to the whole group. "First, we find Owlpaw. Than, after we find her, well group up here or at a Gathering." She meowed, flicking her ear.

Wishsong whimpered, shrinking back between her two Clanmates. "A-and when do we check back here?"

RaspberryFur blinked, thinking for a second before meowing. "In one and a-half moons." She replied, nodding. "So, at the Gathering if were not all there, we can still talk an half-moon later."

Mintleaf got up, "That sounds good. Can we go now? I want to wash off, this mud is going to rot my fur off."

Wishsong nodded in agreement. "Yeah, my fur is plastered to me." She added, giving her shoulder a quick lick.

There was a pause, as the group of cats stood for a moment. Before Nightmoon yawned, "I say we should call it a night."

RaspberryFur leaped down, going to stand beside Nightmoon. "Yep, if were out any longer they'll notice."

Snowberry got to her paws, blinking tiredly as she stretched. "Yeah, I got dawn protrol to do anyways. I need my sleep."

Mintleaf gave a curt nod, starting to walk towards the MeadowClan border. "Ok, com'on." She sighed, even the bossest of the three MeadowClan cats was looking suddenly tired.

...Snowberry..

Snowberry curled up into her nest, sighing as she licked off the few patches of mud that still clinged to her fur. They had washed off in a

near-by stream, yet this did get every last place the mud had gotten. She and Wishsong had the worst of it, with longer, fluffier pelts than Mintleaf.

She was glad that they were back, she loved the scent's of the forest. The warmth that stayed in the MeadowClan camp, keeping them safe and sound. Yet she still knew that It stalked the forest, the morning light was fading quickly into the harsher sunlight of mid-day. She sighed, closing her eyes as she heard her name called for the noon hunting patrol.